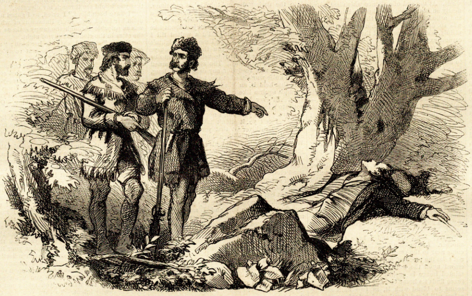
THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1861. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 34.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE DOOM OF THE LIFE-HUNTER.

COMING.

BY ALICE CARY.

They are mustering, they are marching—
Hark, how their tramping rolls!
They are coming, coming, coming!
A hundred thousand souls!

From the granite hills, the sea-side,
In solid ranks like walls,
A thousand men to take the place
Of every man that falls!

Right on across the midnight,
Right onward, stern and proud,
Their red flags shining as they come
Like morning on a cloud.

Battalion on battalion
The west its bravery pours
For the colors God's own hand has set
In the bushes at their doors!

In the woods and in the clearings
Our lovers, brothers, sons,
Our young men and our old men
Are shouldering their guns.

They have heard the bugle blowing—
Heard the thunder of the drum,
And farther than the eye can see
They come, and come, and come!

* * *

THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN A CANE-BRAKE.

On the following morning John Head found himself as well as ever, save that his wrist was somewhat lame, where he had sprained it. And Dick and Peter were rapidly improving. I dressed their wounds before breakfast, and found them healing as fast as was desirable. The inflammation had all subsided, and I pronounced them safe from danger.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, as we were riding through a heavy timber upon the bottom land of the Neosho, John approached my side, and touched me upon the arm. I had been alone, buried in thought, and had not noticed his coming. I started when he touched me; and my face must have betrayed me, for he quickly cried:

"What in the world ails you, Maurice?"

I asked him what he meant.

"Why," he replied, gazing intently upon me, "you look paler and paler every day; and you start, when I speak to you, as though you were frightened."

I tried to laugh off the impression, but it was of no use. I could feel, all through me, that he saw me just as I was. I had become, if not a very coward, at least timid and nervous, and the slightest thing was sufficient to startle me from my equilibrium.

"What's the use, Maurice," my friend urged, in a tone of such true devotion that I began to feel my secret loosen in his behalf. "You have something on your mind of more than ordinary import. I can see it—I know it. And now let me tell you why I sought you. I did not come to disturb you in your meditations, but to speak upon a very strange subject."

He looked at me, when he said this, as though he would have my permission to speak on; and I signified my desire to hear him.

"I have just come up from the wagon," he resumed. "I have been talking with Samp, and he has been telling me about the mysterious stranger that hovers near our train. I saw him twice."

"Saw whom?" I asked.

"Saw the stranger of whom I spoke. He was on horseback, and not more than half a mile off. It was where the vista through the great trees was unbroken, and I saw him very plainly. He looked like a wild man, and I fancied that I could see the infernal stamp upon his face. And I noticed another thing, too. Shall I tell you all?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well—I noticed that Manuel Marti was not only watching the movements of this stranger, but that he seemed to be deeply agitated. In short, the boy acted as though his very life depended upon the watch he kept. What does it mean, Maurice? I know all this has something to do with your present state of mind. Won't you trust me?"

"Yes, John, I will trust you." I gave him my hand as I spoke; and then, after a brief pause, I added:

"Touching the boy, I can only say, he is bound to me by one of those strange freaks of friendship which often result from very slight circumstances. I found him friendless and desolate, and almost helpless, and I gave him my protection. His heart is large and warm, and its flood of affection, which had been before choked and obstructed, burst forth upon me. He knows my story—I have trusted him fully—and he is watching to protect me from the wiles of a demon that hunts my life."

And then I told John the story of Hector Vandorf. I told him the whole secret of my love, and the sorrow which had fallen upon me, and, furthermore, the purpose of the mad wretch who followed me. He listened with wonder and awe; and when I had concluded he was for a while speechless with astonishment.

"I have told you the story just as it is," I said; "and I only ask that you will keep it to yourself. At least, you will keep it for the present. I may reach the home of my youth alive, and I may not. If I should chance to fall—if the demon should accomplish his fell purpose—you may tell my story to those who have a right to know it. You may tell it to your father and mother; and tell them, too, that I always remembered them with love and gratitude. And, when you are married, you may tell it to Katie; for I feel, even now, that she is my friend."

"But, my dear Maurice," cried John, with vehement energy, "this is all sheer madness. It must not be so. Good Heavens! do you mean to let the madman murder you while you have the power of protection in your own hands?"

"Ah," I replied, "you don't understand my feelings, John. I have a respect for my life, but yet no great longing for life, if it must be forever desolate. You mean that I can watch my opportunity, and shoot the man who pursues me?"

"Certainly," was John's answer.

"And then," I added, "how should I return to Edith Duncan? How should I approach her with the blood of Hector Vandorf upon my hands? Even if, out of her great love, she should marry me—which is next to impossible—how would the world look upon the union? People would learn the principal facts, and never seek to go deeper. They would know that Edith's father gave her hand to Hector Vandorf. They would know that I slew Hector Vandorf, and thus gained that hand myself. No, no, John—that can never be. Should I survive this danger that threatens me now, there is one chance in a hundred that I may live to find joy and bliss; but, if I put forth my hand against HIS life, my doom for all coming time is sealed! If you love the gentle being whom you hope to make your wife, as I think you are capable of loving, there is no need that I should explain further; for you must surely see how it is with me."

We rode on for some distance in silence, John with his head bowed, evidently pondering upon what I had told him. Finally he looked me in the face again.

"Maurice, I can save you."

"You—how?"

"I will sweep this demon down."

"No, no," I cried. "Even so it must not be. Not in any way must Hector Vandorf's blood be upon my conscience. Let it rest, John. Heaven may lift the burden from me. I will be watchful and hopeful. Let it rest as it is for the present. You can watch for me; you can shield me; but do not raise your hand against that man's life. You understand me."

"Of course," said John, reluctantly, "I sha'n't do anything against your wishes. But I must think of this thing. My mind isn't easy yet. You have my answer; but it's only for the present. However, I won't change my mind without giving you notice.—Only mind this, Maurice: Should it happen that I found the demon in the act of attacking you—should I find his rifle aimed upon you, or his knife raised to strike you—I should not hesitate, though you forbade me a thousand times. I should kill him, if it lay in my power, as quickly as I would kill a wild cat."

I was not prepared to object to this, and before any further remarks could be made upon the subject, Paul approached, and opened a conversation with us.

About an hour before sundown we passed a cane-brake, and a little further on we came to a favorable spot for camping, where we pulled up, and set our tent. Our supper was out of the way before the sun had entirely disappeared, and while we were lighting our pipes Samp raised the cry of "*a bear!*" Our pipes were dropped, and our rifles siezed, as quickly as possible, for a bear was something we had not yet captured, and we were eager for both the sport and the trophy.

"Whar is he?" cried Paul, who was first in readiness.

"I seed 'um right in dar," replied the darkey, pointing to a clump of cotton-wood.

"Are ye sure?"

"O—yah. Dis chile am suah for sartin. Bress de Lord, Mas'r Paul, don't ye s'pose I knows a bar!"

The trapper started for the cotton-wood, and we after him. Peter and Dick were not strong; but they had taken their rifles, and were with us.

"Hi! here's his track!" cried Paul. "This way, all of ye. We'll track him now. It's a big one. See what a mark his foot makes."

"Is it a grizzly?" asked Haskett.

"No," said the trapper, "grizzlies don't come so far as this. Thar aint no grizzlies this side o' the great plains; leastwise, I never seed one. No—this yer's a black bar. Can't ye tell by his track?"

Haskett could see but very little in the "track" to which Paul pointed, though he pretended that it was plain as day to him.

"O, Yes," he said, "I see now. It's a regular black one."

"Mebbe we'll find him rayther brownish in color," pursued Paul; "but then it's all the same. They belong to the same tribe o' varmints 'at your black bars further north do."

"Yes," returned Haskett, with a wise look, "I suppose so. I've trapped a good many black bears in my day."

Perhaps Paul Redwing believed this; but the rest of us didn't. Peter Hines, especially, seemed to doubt it; and he deliberately expressed the opinion that Haskett Eastwood never trapped a bear in his life.

However, there was was no time for dispute. Paul had struck the trail sure, and he led us on at a swift pace. By and by we came to the cane-brake, where we stopped.

"The bar's in here," said the trapper, "and we must surround him. Start around, all on ye, and I'll h'ist him out."

The cane-brake was of an oval form, and may have covered some two acres of ground; and as soon as we had taken our stations so that the bear could not come out without being seen, the old trapper started in. We listened attentively, and in a little while he cried out that he'd "spotted the varmint."

"Look out for him, boys. He's a goin' towards the sun!"

In a few moments more I heard a crashing in the brake not far from where I stood, which I knew must be made by the bear. I listened, with my rifle ready; but the noise was soon hushed, and I supposed the animal had stopped. I knew the point from whence the sound had come, and, thinking to start bruin up again, I plunged in after him. For a distance of a dozen yards, or so, I got along very well, but soon the canes became so thick and stout that I could make no head against them. I could not cut them with my knife, and as I had no hatchet, I was forced to turn back. In doing this I got tangled in a "mat," and was thrown forward upon my face, losing my rifle and one of my pistols; but I regained my feet, and also regained my weapons; and, furthermore, I heard the bear crashing away in another direction, the rumpus I had kicked up having probably started him. Pretty soon I heard the report of a rifle, quickly followed by a cry from John Head that he had shot the varmint.

I made my way out from the cane-brake, and found the bear not far off, with a bullet through his heart. He had come out not over a rod from where John stood, so that the chance for a shot had been a fair one.

"It wur well done," said old Paul, as he turned the beast over, and saw where the bullet had entered just behind the fore shoulder. "That yer's the place to take 'em."

"Yes," added Haskett, "that's where I always aim for."

"*You,*" cried Peter, with a comical look.

"Certainly," responded Haskett.

"And how many did you ever hit in that spot?"

"O, I couldn't tell, I'm sure."

"No," said Peter, with a snap of the finger, "I guess you couldn't."

"You feel kind o' crooked, I guess, old blubber-face," retorted Haskett, in high dudgeon. "You'd better take a shot at that bottle o' yours."

"Not so soon after supper," returned the old stager, quietly; and then he went to congratulate John on his good fortune.

The bear was a large one, of a dirty brown color, and fat enough to give us promise of a good steak for breakfast. Paul and Samp started to drag him to the camp, while the rest of us followed on behind. The sun was just sinking, the whole landscape having become merged into the deep shadow, and as I looked for my watch, to see what time it was, I found that I had lost it. It must have been thrown from my fob when I fell in the cane-brake; and, simply remarking to my companions that I had left something behind, I hurried back after it. They did not suppose I was going far, so they kept on. I found the place where I had entered the brake, and upon reaching the spot where I had fallen, I found my watch, safe and sound. I put it back into my fob, and having secured the guard, I turned to come out. It was so dark and gloomy in that deep labyrinth, and I was forced to watch so narrowly my way as I stepped, that I forgot, for the while, the mystic danger to which I might be exposing myself. Had I thought, when I turned from my companions, I should have called John back with me. But it was too late now.

CHAPTER XVII.

HEAVEN HELP ME.

As I stepped out from the cane-brake, my face was towards the west, and I stopped to look upon the fire-red hue of the sunset horizon, when it came to view through the great trees. It was not like our summer sunsets upon the Hudson—none of those rich, gorgeous tints which fasten the attention, and excite the envy of the painter—but the colors were ranging from a dismal, shroud-like gray to a sombre blood-red, and I watched them as they merged into a paler, leaden hue. As I stood thus, leaning upon my rifle, I heard a cat-like tread close by me, and almost before I could turn a hand was laid upon my arm. The instant I felt that touch—aye, the moment I heard that step—I knew what presence had come; so, when my gaze rested upon the fiendish face of Hector Vandorf I was not startled.

I say I was not startled when I saw him. When the sound of his step first fell upon my ear, there was a quick bound of my heart, and for the space of a single instant there was a sense of faintness passing along my nerves like the shock of an electric battery. On the next instant I was as firm as a rock, and as clear in thought as the student at his quiet desk. It was the result of no effort on my part, but this power came from a source entirely above and beyond my will, seeming to descend upon me like an inspiration. And thus, when I turned and met the madman's gaze, I was calm and collected.

Vandorf seemed to have grown more tall and gaunt, and more spectral in appearance, than when I saw him before. He was frightful to look upon. He was the very incarnation of the spirit of death, and, as he bent his burning, bloodshot eyes upon me, I could read, in their demon light, that he regarded me as his sure victim. It appeared as though he felt himself above me—as though he regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of a higher power, for wreaking vengeance upon me. And when he placed his hand upon me, he did it with the air of one who salutes a subject.

"Maurice Garland," he said, in a grinding, hissing tone, "the time has at length come, and your life is mine! I have waited for this hour long enough. I have hunted through storm and through sunshine, through the day and through the night, in the forest and upon the prairie, in all hours and in all seasons, and now thou art in my power. In my way thou standest no longer!"

He held a gleaming knife in his hand as he spoke, and the arm was raised to strike. Had he stricken without speaking—had he pounced upon me in his deadly intent, and given me no warning—that hour might have been my last on earth, but he had been too sure of his game. I knew that he was mad, and, under the sustaining influence of the new power which had possessed me, I met him as calmly as I would have met one of my own companions, knowing that thus only could I save myself, for my rifle was at rest, as were my other weapons, and I could not have presented one of them with safety to myself while he was thus on his guard. And, furthermore, I verily believe that he had full faith that I dared not kill him. He had once told me so, and his actions confirmed it.

"Hector Vandorf, wait one moment," I said, without betraying even a sign of self-defence. "Before you strike, I have a word to say."

His arm was arrested, and he seemed desirous to hear me. It was the spirit of the maniac held at bay by the presence of tranquil calmness.

"If I am to die," I continued, "I would give you one piece of information which may be of service to you when you return to your home."

I never spoke more gently in my life, nor did I ever feel more calm and secure. The arm dropped lower down, and the head was bent to listen.

"You will go back, and you will see my friends. There is one to whom I would send a dying message. Will you do me this last kindness? I may never ask another favor of mortal man."

The hand that grasped the knife had sunk low down, and the fierce fire of the demon eye was for the time subdued.

"What would you say to me, Maurice Garland?"

"Will you carry my message?"

"Yes. But speak it quickly."

The madman was in my power. He was thrown completely off his guard, though it might be only for an instant. And yet in that instant what a host of thoughts passed through my mind. My right hand was not far from my pistol—I could grasp it—I could leap back, and shoot the maniac dead. But it was not so to be. The other impulse prevailed, and I spared the life which I dared not take. With all the power I possessed, and with the quickness of thought, I clenched my fist, and struck Hector Vandorf as I had stricken him once before—struck him so heavily that he fell to the ground as though a lightning-bolt had fallen upon him. I did this, and then I fled with all speed. I turned an angle of the cane-brake, and met John and Haskett.

"What have you been up to?" asked John.

"Only to find my watch," I replied. "And I have found it."

"But you're all out of breath. What makes you tremble so?"

It had grown so dark that I was able to hide the tale which my face must have told could it have been plainly seen, and I professed that I had had a hard job in getting out from the brake.

"And," I added, as I saw that John was watching me narrowly, "I must confess that I have been a little frightened. I came very near putting my foot upon a serpent. I think it was a poisonous one—perhaps a rattlesnake." And while I spoke I hurried on towards the camp.

"Hold on," said Haskett. "Who's that following us?"

"Nobody," I replied. "It's only your fancy."

"Oh, I know better than that. It's somebody. Hark!"

He stopped, but I did not, and presently he rejoined me without having found anything.

"But I know I heard something," he persisted. "You can't beat me out o' that."

"It may have been another bear," I suggested.

"I don't know what it was, nor do I care," returned Haskett, somewhat doggedly. "I know I heard something, and that's enough."

When we reached the tent it had grown quite dark, and I went away by myself awhile, thinking to regain my equilibrium of spirits. Ere long, however, John found me, and sat down by my side.

"Maurice," he said, in that old tone of love that opened my heart at once, "you have seen that madman again."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Ah," he replied, looking into my face, "I can tell. I know that all the serpents in the world couldn't have moved you as you were moved when I met you by the cane-brake. Am I not right?"

"Yes, John, it is even so. I have met him again, and again have I escaped him. He approached me as I came out from the cane-brake."

"And he tried to kill you?"

"Yes."

"Did you suffer him to go away alive?"

"Yes. I could not slay him. He was in my power—I could have shot him had I been so minded, but I dared not do it. I only knocked him down, and thus left him."

"Left him to attack you again," said John, with something like reproof in his tone.

"Don't touch me upon that point. You know what I have told you. I cannot explain my feelings further than I have already explained them. I hope I may escape."

John shook his head and then went away, and for an hour or more I was left alone. I cannot tell you what thoughts passed through my mind during that hour. It seemed to me that the Night was coming closely upon me. I was drawing nearer and nearer to the Dark Valley. The Shadow was casting its gloom into my soul. Again and again did I ask myself why I had not slain the maniac while he was in my power; and, for an answer, I thought of the fair hand of Edith Duncan. But should I suffer thus, even for the keeping of that dim hope? Should I wear my life upon my sleeve, to be plucked off by the demon hunter? Was it my duty? Was it right? Was I not acting the deliberate suicide?

I cast myself upon the ground, and prayed to God for strength and support. My brain was in a whirl—my heart was faint and weary—and I could only groan in my deep anguish.

Most of my companions were asleep, and Dick had mounted guard. It was the first time he had been on since he was wounded. I had arisen to my feet, and was trying to shake off the incubus that oppressed me, when a light footfall sounded by my side. I was not startled. No; for the boyish tread was too familiar. It was Manuel; and he laid his hand affectionately upon me.

"Come, Maurice, let us go into the tent."

He spoke as quietly as I might have spoken to a child.

"I was just going," I told him.

"You have been here sometime," he resumed.

"Yes," I said.

"I went into the tent, and did not find you."

I remembered then that this was the first time I had seen Manuel since we went after the bear; and I asked him where he had been.

"I have been on the watch," he replied. He hesitated a moment, and then added: "There is no need that we should hide anything from each other. I know that the Life-Hunter has crossed your path again, and I have been watching that he does not return. You might not have been safe, even here, had I not been flitting near you. You are too careless. You must be more careful. But come, we will go to the tent now."

And Manuel Marti led me away, as though he had been the stout man and I the weak boy. He asked no further questions, and made no further remarks; nor did I.

I slept some during that night; but not much; and even my moments of slumber were disturbed by dreams most horrible. I awoke several times with the cold sweat standing in great drops upon my brow, and my heart throbbed wildly and painfully.

The coming of the morrow's sun gave me some relief, but not anything like what I needed. It was a relief, however, and I breathed less heavily.

As we rode along in the forenoon, still in the heavy timber, Manuel came up by my side. I saw that he was worried, and I asked him the cause.

"I have been listening to the conversation of John and Dick," he said, "and their remarks have led me into a mood of uneasiness."

"And what have John and Dick been saying?"

"They have been talking of what transpired during their watch last night. Dick, you will remember, had the first watch, and he is sure that some one was lurking near the camp while he was on post. John was on from midnight till two o'clock this morning; and he knows that a stranger was near him two or three times. Once he saw him, and would have shot him had he not so quickly disappeared. Thus it appears, Maurice, that the madman was lurking near the camp all night—nearer than he ever lurked before. As we approach the bounds of civilization he seems to grow more eager and daring. O, what shall save you! Will you not watch every moment of your time? You must do it. Even as you ventured last night you must not venture again. If you can survive to reach some place where the law prevails, you may be saved. But—you must think of this. You must not for one moment forget the danger that lurks near you all the time."

Then—then—I did not think so much of the boy's intense anxiety as I thought afterwards. I was too deeply engaged with the subject he had presented. I realized it—realized it all. I knew just how keenly the maniac was scenting my blood. I knew how he would watch for me, and how difficult it would be to escape him the next time chance threw me in his way. And my thoughts went on to the future, and I spoke them to my companion as I felt them.

"Ah," I said, with my head bowed, "I may reach some great city alive—I may even reach the banks of my own bright Hudson—but what promise have I, even then, of safety?"

"The madman may be apprehended, and confined," suggested Manuel.

"I fear not," was my reply. "I think I know the nature of such mania too well. The moment we reach the land of civilization, the demon will put on all the subtlety of the serpent. I shall be in far greater danger there than here. Only think of the thousand ways in which life can be destroyed. Think of the avenues of concealment that will be open to him, and the many seasons of exposure that I must pass."

Manuel made me no answer to this; and before I could speak further we were joined by John and Dick.

I could not stand this agony of thought any longer; and, with one mighty effort, I threw it off. I hailed John in a gleesome mood; I rallied Dick upon the subject of a miniature he carried in his pocket; and then broke forth into song. Manuel, who seemed in no mood to join me in such a strain, fell behind, and I took care that the conversation should take no dubious turn.

At noon we stopped for dinner where some party had pitched a camp before us; but, from the direction of their trail, it was evident that we should not fall in with them.

Late in the afternoon we came to a broad, deep stream, rolling darkly through the forest, and we resolved to ford it before we camped. While Paul Redwing was looking for a place where the wagon might be started over with safety, I turned my horse to move further down the stream. I had taken but a few steps when Manuel was at my elbow.

"Beware!" he whispered. "Don't leave your companions. The mad hunter is on your track."

"Have you seen him?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the boy, "I have seen him twice this afternoon. O! how wild and fierce he looks!"

I would not court the dark fate; so I turned and rode back. Once the impulse was upon me to tell John of my agony, and ask him to watch, and shoot the demon; but the words were not spoken.

Not yet—not yet. But how long could I live so? How long could sense and reason bear up under the frightful burden?

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHADOW PASSES AWAY. A THUNDER-CLAP!

In all our wanderings through the wilderness the stream before which we had now stopped was the worst one we had been obliged to ford. Paul, however, at length found a place where he thought the wagon could be got over in safety, and after the mules had been driven into the water, he went ahead to guide them, or rather to select a way for them. When about half-way across, as he turned in his saddle to speak with Samp, his horse, feeling an uneven pressure upon the rein, turned his head up the stream. In his sudden movement to bring his beast back to the proper course Paul was a little too hasty, and the result was, that the horse stumbled and plunged; and, a further result was, that the rider lost his seat, and slipped off into the water. For a few moments there was some danger that the mules might become restive, and upset the wagon; but Samp urged them with an experienced hand, and finally brought them to the opposite shore in safety. In the meantime the old trapper had also gained the bank, and caught his horse, suffering no further than a thorough soaking of clothes and accoutrements. For the wet of his garments, however, he seemed to care but little, being most anxious concerning his rifle and pistols; and, as soon as he had attended to pitching the tent, he left us to make the other arrangements, while he went at work upon his weapons.

"Wal, boys," said Paul, as we gathered around in front of the tent after supper, "this yer's the last stream we'll have to ford in the wilderness; an' I reckon we've seed the last of our huntin'. In a little while we'll strike the great prairie, an' beyond that we'll find settlers."

"I'm glad of that," cried John. And I thought he looked at me as though he was glad on my account.

"So am I," responded Haskett. "There's a small branch of the Pendexter family that'll be glad enough to see me at home once more."

And Dick said he was glad, for his business needed his attention.

And Peter, too, was glad; for he had a little family, close upon the shore of Lake Winnipiseogee, who might be somewhat anxious concerning him.

And how was it with me? I cannot tell. I tried to feel thankful with the rest; but my heart was too heavy. Yet I talked of home, and joined in the general conversation with as much spirit as possible.

At eight o'clock I went on guard, to stand till ten. John was anxious to perform the duty for me; but I would not allow him. After the rest had retired Manuel came out to keep me company. I did not repulse him, for I wanted his companionship—not alone for the safety which it gave me, but for the calming influence which his presence seemed ever to bring with it. When all was still and quiet, and I knew that those in the tent were asleep, I went and sat down under the shadow of the wagon, the boy keeping close by my side. A strange mood had come over me—a calmer mood, and more serene, than I had experienced before for a long while. At the end of a silence which had lasted nearly an hour Manuel looked up into my face, and asked me what I was thinking about. It was so dark that I could not see his features plainly, but yet I knew that they wore a sober, earnest expression.

"I was thinking of old times, and of old scenes," I said. And, as it gave me relief thus to unbosom my thoughts, I told him more. "I have been thinking of the friends of my youth," I resumed; "of my father and of my mother—of the strong, bold man who labored for me, and who led me up, from childhood to vigorous youth, in the way of an honorable, active life,—and of that sweet, gentle woman, who was the first to love me, the first to smile upon me; who bore me upon her bosom through helpless infancy; who bore me in her heart while she lived; who wept when I suffered, and smiled when I was glad; who called me her darling even when the strength of manhood was upon me; and who has left to me a legacy such as cannot be afforded from the material wealth of all the earth—the legacy of a mother's character, in virtue and love and honor, as bright as the celestial halo that encircles the throne of heaven."

I paused, and bowed my head, and in a moment more I felt Manuel's hand upon my shoulder.

"You have had blessed thoughts," he whispered.

"Aye," I added; "and I have thought of another. I have been thinking of one who has come near to the centre of my heart. She does not take the place of my mother—she does not crowd upon the holy reverence in which that sainted image is enshrined; but her fond presence finds its home close by the older love, and seems to blend with it, as two harmonizing colors will blend together, developing new and deeper hues. I have been thinking of her, Manuel; and I have been wondering if I should ever see her again."

"And how came the answer to the wonder?" asked the boy.

"An answer seems to be whispered to my soul, from some spirit-voice within, that I shall behold her yet again. O, God grant that it may be so!"

Manuel uttered a fervent AMEN; and we were silent and thoughtful again.

At ten o'clock I called Haskett, and then Manuel and I retired to the tent. I rolled myself up in my blanket, but I did not sleep much. I dreamed strange dreams, and heard every sound that broke upon the air. At midnight I was awake, and heard Haskett call Dick to relieve him. And then at two o'clock I was awake, when Dick came in and called Paul Redwing.

The trapper got up and shook himself, and asked if the wind weren't blowing.

"Yes," said Dick, "and it blows kind of cool, too."

"An' these yer clothes o' mine are as wet as water," growled Paul. "I dried my rifle, but forgot my jacket."

"Take mine," said Dick.

"Bless yer soul, that yer jacket o' yourn wouldn't go half onto me. But here's the capt'n's coat 'at he wears over his jacket. Now that yer'd go jest right."

"You may take it," I told him, lifting myself upon my elbow.

It was a loose, grey army coat, of light fabric, and it fitted him very well in the place of a jacket. He put it on and went out, and pretty soon I lay down again. And this time I fell asleep, and slept quite soundly for an hour or more.

When I awoke, it was from a low, stifled cry close by me, and upon starting up I found Manuel sitting by my side. The day was just breaking, and I could see that he looked wild and frightened. I placed my hand upon his arm, and asked him what was the matter. He gazed up into my face with a sort of waking stare, and asked if that was me.

"Of course it is," I replied.

"And are you safe? Are you unharmed?"

"Of course I am. How could it be otherwise?"

"Oh," he cried, clasping his hands upon his bosom, "what a frightful dream I have had."

I asked him what he had dreamed.

"I cannot tell it," he said, pressing his hands upon his brow. "O, it was very, very fearful. I thought you had met the maniac in the wood—I thought I stood by and saw the meeting—and I was so chained to the spot that I could not move. I saw the maniac take the form of a fiery demon, and then he gnashed upon you with his frightful teeth, and put forth great claws to tear you limb from limb, and he howled, and cursed, and spoke such impious words that my heart almost ceased to beat. O, how real it seemed!"

"And yet," I said, soothingly, "it was but a dream. The day has broken; let us go out and take the fresh air."

But he did not wish to go out then. He felt weak and faint, and preferred to lie down again.

A little while after this I heard my name called, and upon looking up I saw Paul standing at the entrance of the tent.

"Ef ye're awake, Capt'n, won't ye jest come out?"

I arose at once, and when I had gained the open air I found that the sun was just rising.

"Come this way a bit," said the trapper, leading me beyond the wagon. "I've got something to say to ye."

I saw that he wore a very serious expression upon his face, and I knew that he must have something of importance to communicate. When we had reached the point towards which his attention had been directed, he stopped and turned.

"Capt'n," he said, "I ain't a man that likes to poke into other folks' secrets, so I've never asked you any foolish questions; but I've had my thoughts about me, an' mebbe I've hit as nigh the truth as though I'd had it from yer own lips. In course you've had an enemy on yer track ever since ye've been on the trail, an' that yer enemy's been a huntin' yer life in every possible way. Isn't it so?"

I told him it was.

"An' furthermore," he resumed, "from some cause or other you've hesitated about killin' the villain, even when ye had a chance. Isn't that so?"

I admitted that it was.

"Wal," he continued, "I'm kind o' suspicious that I've had an adventur with that very chap. Ye see, in the fust place, I tumbled into the river, when we was a fordin' it, an' got my clothes wet. In the next place, my jacket bein' wet, I put on your coat to wear when I went on post. Now, ye see, that yer coat is kind o' pecul'ar. Thar aint another one in the camp like it, an' 'tisn't a bit surprisin' that in the night, without a moon, the man with that yer thing over his shoulders should be took for Captain Maurice Garland.

"Wal, I went on guard with that yer coat on, never dreamin' what a scrape it might git me into. I reckon I'd been on an hour, or sich a matter, when I thought I seed somebody a movin' among the trees not a great distance off. I went that way, but didn't find nothin', an' so come back. By'm by I went down to the river, an' took a walk up stream a little way. Mebbe I'd gone up a hundred yards or so, when I stopped an' leaned on my rifle. I wur a lookin' into the dark water, an' thinkin' of old times. All at onct I heerd a step close to me, an' a voice said, '*Maurice Garland, the hour has come!*' Them was the very words, spoke jest about like as a snake would hiss. Ef I'd a waited till I heerd them yer words afore I moved, I mightn't 'ave been here a tellin' you this story, but, ye see, I'm a leetle too used to usin' my ears to be caught in sich a way. The step had warned me, an' I wur ready for any danger. A long, sharp knife wur aimed at me, but I caught the arm that held it, an' gin it a twist 'at made the varmint squirm like a copperhead that's been shot. Ef ever I seed a pair o' painter's eyes sot into a human head, that yer head had em' in, sure. Bless yer soul, I never seed sich eyes afore. I tell ye it didn't take many seconds for me to diskiver 'at that yer chap wur mad as a buffalo bull with a bullet in his hide. When he found 'at I had his right arm fast, he jest took his left hand an' draw'd a pistol.

"Well," said I, as Paul hesitated, "what happened next?" I spoke in a whisper, and my hand clutched the old trapper's arm with quivering eagerness.

"Wall," he replied, "under the circumstances, thar aint but one thing that could 'ave happened very well. I rayther made up my mind 'at somebody'd got to die, and I sartinly didn't mean it should be me. Thar wasn't no other way. I knocked the madman's left arm down, an' then shot him through the head."

"Is he dead?"

"Sartin he be."

I staggered back against a tree, and covered my face with my hands. For a few moments my brain was in a whirl, and my heart palpitated as though it had lost its balance. In a little while Paul came and laid his hand upon my arm, and asked me if I would go and see the dead man.

I was strong again, and I told him I would go.

As we passed the tent our companions came out, and were suffered to join us, for they knew something unusual had happened.

Up by the river's bank, some thirty rods from the camp, beneath a great black oak, lay the lifeless body of Hector Vandorf, with the face turned upward, and the right hand still clutched upon the long, gleaming knife. Even in death that face wore the fiendish look, and I shuddered as with a quaking fit, while I gazed upon the ghastly scene.

I could not refuse the request which came from the eager, inquiring gaze of my faithful companions; and I told them the story of the relations which had existed between me and Hector Vandorf. I told them why he had hunted my life; and I told them how he had hunted it; and I also tried to make them understand why I had kept my hand unspotted by his blood.

"But," said Paul, "ye aren't sorry 'at he's dead?"

"No, no," I cried. "O, Heavens, no! He has courted the fate, and his death is of his own wild work. God have mercy upon his poor shattered spirit!"

"We'll dig his grave here," the trapper suggested.

I told them to dig the grave as they pleased; but asked them to spare me awhile. This they readily consented to do, and I turned away from the place.

I found Manuel in the tent alone. He had arisen from his bed, and was sitting upon a camp stool.

I told him I had news for him.

He must have read the intelligence in my face, for he trembled violently.

"This morning," I said, "before daylight, "Paul Redwing went on guard. His own garments were wet, and he put on my overcoat in place of his jacket. Thus habited he was seen by the mad hunter. Can you not guess the rest?"

Manuel seized my arm, but did not speak. His look urged me to say on.

"The lurking madman mistook the trapper for Maurice Garland, and attacked him," I resumed.

The boy's grasp tightened upon my arm, and his frame shook convulsively.

"He struck at Paul with the very knife he had twice aimed at me. There was no help for it; a life was to be sacrificed; and the trapper, not willing to give himself a victim to such a fate, shook off the demon, and shot him."

"Shot him!" repeated Manuel, in a whisper, while his face grew pale as death.

"Yes," I replied.

"And Hector Vandorf——"

"Is DEAD!" I added, finishing out the sentence.

A low, sharp cry broke from Manuel's lips—he staggered back—and sank fainting upon the earth. I sprang to his assistance; and my first movement was to tear open his jacket to give him air, and offer his heart room for play.

Merciful Heaven! What a revelation burst upon me! I was weak and faint; and I pressed my hand upon my brow to assure myself that I was awake.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

I was not dreaming. It was not a wild phantasy of a disordered brain. I was awake—in the full possession of my senses, and all this was real.

Had I been blind all this long time, or had the disguise been in reality so complete.

I put back the folds of the jacket over that fair white bosom, and then I lifted the drooping head to my breast. My strength returned to me quickly, for there was need of it.

I chafed the brow and the temples; I clasped the small hands in my own; and by and by, as if from the electric influence of my gaze, the eyes opened, and a soft, uncertain light beamed upon me—but uncertain not for long. The light gradually grew more intense and fixed, as though the bright orbs drank in the meaning of my enraptured gaze.

I whispered—tenderly and carefully—whispered a name—a boy's name no more. I whispered—"EDITH!"

She gazed upon me one moment after that, and then reached her arms around my neck, and pillowed her head upon my bosom. I held her thus a little while—held her until she had regained somewhat of her composure—and then she started up and said she would seek the fresh air.

I told her that they were digging a grave, and I asked her if she would like to take a last look at the mortal form of him who was to be buried.

"No, no," she quickly replied, quivering till I almost feared she would faint again. "I could not bear it. And, beside, I should expose myself to our companions. I must not do that, Maurice. While we are in the camp, I must be as I have been. O, grant me this. Promise me."

Of course I promised her; and then, at her request, we walked out into the forest, away from the danger of interruption. She gained strength and calmness as we walked on; and when we finally stopped, and sat down beneath an old oak, she told me the story I had been so anxious to hear.

"Dear Maurice," she said, with one of her hands resting in mine, "I did not mean that my secret should be discovered so soon; and yet it is a wonder to me that it has not been discovered before. I have feared, many times, that you would see through my disguise."

"I have been blind," I cried, as I gazed now upon her loved face, every lineament of which was as palpable through the tawny stain as are the stars in the cloudless sky of night.

"No, no," she said, shaking her head; "not so blind after all. My disguise was complete. I studied hard to make it so."

"But," I added, "only think of the thousand little things that should have led me to a solution of the mystery. Your love for me—your tears when I was sad—your fear when I was in danger—your smiles when I was glad—and your strange sympathy for me in everything. O, I ought to have seen this before."

"It is ever thus," Edith replied, with a light smile breaking over her features. "The most perplexing puzzles appear as simple as daylight when the solution has been given to us."

I admitted that she was right; and she then went on to tell me of the step she had taken.

"After you had gone away with your companions upon your western excursion," she commenced, "I expected that Hector would press me for my hand without rest; but in this I was mistaken. On the contrary, he did not come near me; and at the expiration of two weeks I learned that he had gone off. A fear of the truth even then flashed upon me; for I knew his temper, and had reason to believe that he was fairly mad. I found Charles Stewart, and from him I learned the truth. He told me that Hector had started in pursuit of you, and that he would hunt you until he had taken your life. I went home, and spent one night in reflection and prayer, and my resolution was formed. I believed that the madman would lurk upon your track, and endeavor to strike you unawares; and, if you had no warning, you might not escape his deadly intent. To save you was the one object of my soul's every desire, and upon it I bent every energy. I dared not tell my mother what I meant to do, so I went to the city of New York upon the pretense of visiting friends there. I found two men—they were devoted friends of mine, and also friends of yours—and when I had told them my story, they agreed to help me. I then wrote to my mother, informing her of all my plans; and immediately afterwards started for St. Louis, my two friends bearing me company. We made the journey as rapidly as possible, and when we reached that city, we found the hotel where you had stopped, and easily learned the direction you had taken.

"I spent another night of extreme anxiety. If I followed you, as I had resolved to do, I must remain with you; and if Hector Vandorf should see me in your camp, matters would only be made worse. I knew that he was after you—that he would hover near you—and that I could not join you without being seen by him. So I studied up this disguise, and my friends assured me it was complete. We engaged three experienced guides, who pledged us that they could follow Paul Redwing's trail, and then set off. I will not tell you how anxious and eager I was while thus pursuing you; nor how fervently I prayed that God would help me to reach you before the maniac could strike you. At length we came near you—we came so near that I knew I could reach you alone, and in safety—came so near that I saw you living and strong,—and then I bade my friends turn back, and suffer me to proceed. At first they hesitated; but I finally prevailed, and they bade me farewell. Had they come with me to your camp my secret would have been mine no more, and to give up that I was not willing. It might have defeated my object. If I would be unknown to any, I must be unknown to all.

"As soon as my companions had turned back, I pushed on, and entered your camp. You know what followed. You remember the story I told, and how I was received. But, Maurice, you do not know how difficult it was for me to contain myself in your presence. O, how this poor heart did beat, and how weak I was. But I succeeded—I fulfilled my purpose. I have watched you many an hour when you knew it not. In the camp my eyes have been open, and upon the trail I have kept the vigil always. I have seen the demon hunter many times; and many times has my presence restrained him.

"And now the watch is ended. Beyond this hour I have not planned. Since I joined you in the wilderness I have trusted in God from day to day, and He hath been to me a help and a guide. O, Maurice, bear with me yet a little longer. Let not my secret be known to the others now."

And thus speaking, Edith Duncan laid her head again upon my bosom; and I folded her to my heart, murmuring to God prayers of thanksgiving and of supplication.

When we returned to the camp, we found our companions there, and I was informed that the body had been buried. I walked out to the spot, and Edith—I must call her Edith now—went with me. By the bank of the river, beneath the shade of the great old oak where he fell, was the mortal body of Hector Vandorf laid to rest. We stood over the grave just as the first beams of the morning sun were breaking through the foliage upon it, and though we could not mourn for him as we might have mourned for one whom we had loved, yet we offered up a prayer for his departed spirit, with all fervency and sincerity.

Of the barrier which had been removed in Vandorf's death I did not speak. No—it was not the time, nor the place. There was no need of speaking of it. But I strove to conduct myself, both in look and speech, as though it were Manuel Marti who still bore me company. And I think I succeeded. And Edith succeeded, too. She was calm and collected, and our secret was safe.

"By my soul," cried John, as we rode on our way, "you begin to look and act like yourself, Maurice."

"Aye," I adedd; "and I feel like myself. I think there is joy in store for me."

"You shall yet visit me in my mountain home, and bask in the sunlight of Katie's smile."

"Yes," I said.

"And," he continued, "I hope you'll have a home as bright and happy."

Aye—and I hoped so, too. And, moreover, I had strong grounds for the blessed hope.

In a few days we came within the limits of the Missouri settlements, and our hunting excursion was over.

* * * * * * * * *

In St. Louis we secured rooms at the Planter's Hotel. It was the last evening we were to spend together, and we were asembled in our private parlor. But where was Manuel? Haskett asked for him, at the same time wondering what the boy meant to do with himself. I arose and left the room, and in a little while returned with a companion. It was not the boy. No. It was a maiden, fair and lovely as the first rose of summer, who leaned upon my arm with confiding fondness, yet trembling as she met the gaze of the company.

"Brothers," I said, "I have brought with me a very near and dear friend, whom I wish to introduce. It is Edith Duncan, of whom you have all heard me speak."

Edith trembled more and more as I was speaking; but gradually she controlled herself, and a warm smile broke over her features. Paul Redwing was the first to solve the enigma; for Edith's gaze had been directed to him, and her smile had beamed first upon him. He started up from his chair, and took a step forward.

"Lord bless my soul," he cried, "it aren't possible! But—ef this yer aint Manuel Marti, then who is it!"

Had Edith denied the assertion, she might yet have puzzled them. But she had no inclination that way. With a quick step she reached the trapper's side, and gave him her hand.

"Yes, Paul," she said, with a delicate tremulousness in her tone, but without a blush, "you are right. You have known me, as these others have known me, as the runaway boy; and I trust that your kindness will be none the less now that you know me as I am."

A daguerreotypist might possibly have caught the expressions of wonder and amazement which appeared upon the faces of my friends; but I cannot describe them. Suffice it for me to say that, finally, they had all recognized her, and taken her by the hand; and then, with her consent, I told the story of her heroic and devoted mission. When I had concluded, the old trapper started to his feet, and flatly declared that he would give in to Edith Duncan.

"I'm beat," he said. "I'm distanced entirely. Bless my soul, ef this yer aint the greatest thing I ever heerd on!"

His expression was homely; but it was sincere and heartfelt, and Edith, knowing his idiosyncracies, appreciated all that he meant.

And the others were equally warm in their encomiums, though not so loud and full in speech.

We spent a happy evening, and then separated for the night. On the following morning Paul came to take his leave. He had engaged to take a party across the borders, and was to start in a few hours.

"I may never see ye agin, Captain," he said, as he held my hand; "but, ef I don't, I hope ye'll prosper."

Then he turned to Edith, and, as he gazed into her beautiful face, he hesitated. His warm tribute of affection to me had touched her heart, and a bright moisture was gathering in her eyes. Perhaps it was this that moved him. At all events, he took her by the hand, and yet did not speak; so she broke the silence.

"Paul," she said, the moisture in her eye gathering to a tear, and rolling down her cheek, "I shall never forget your kindnesss—never. While sense and reason are mine I shall remember you with fond affection, and when I pray to God I will mention your name."

She bent her head forward as she ceased speaking, and kissed the rough old man upon his lips. He was like a child then. He choked and struggled; but presently the tears started from his eyes, and his feelings found vent.

"Heaven bless ye for a sweet angel!" he cried. "Paul Redwing 'll never forget this hour of his life. I don't remember no mother, nor no sister; but I'll have a memory now as blessed as any on 'em; and sometimes, in the wilderness, on the long lone trail, I'll remember Edith Duncan, an' think, perhaps, 'at she's prayin' for me while I'm on the gloomsome watch."

Edith bade the old trapper farewell with more than ordinary feeling; for he had been the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of restoring to her more than life. And if she had reason to feel thus grateful towards him, how much more had I.

God bless Paul Redwing! God keep and guide him, wherever he may be!

* * * * * * * *

Time rolls swiftly on. Days lengthen into months, and months into years.

And where are my old companions of that western trail?

Dick Thorn is at his business in New Hampshire, a thriving, energetic man. The ladies all like him; but I do not think he has yet selected a companion from among them.

Haskett Eastwood, growing heavier in body, and more slow of motion, is at home, with his wife and child; and tells most wonderful stories of his adventures in the western wilderness.

Peter Hines—jolly old Pete—is seen every year by the thousands who flock to the White Mountains for their summer recreation. When you see the broadest and most glowing face, beneath a white hat with the widest rim, and a round, fat body, which shakes all over with fun and good-nature, be sure that is PETER.

And John Head—my own John.——Ah—here is a letter from him now. See what he writes:—"When are you coming again to see us, Maurice? Katie says she is anxious. Do set the time. And I want you to see our baby. It is the handsomest child that ever was. People say it looks for all the world like its father." Ah, happy John; and happy Kate. God bless you both! and may all sweet angels guard and guide your child!

Dear reader, do you wish, ere we part, to visit my home?

Ah, it is an earthly heaven we have beneath our roof. I turn to Edith, as I close these pages, and ask her if I do not speak the truth. She gazes upon me—she gazes upon our cherub child—and, with her hands folded reverently, she thanks God that it is as I have said.

THE END.

"A TERRIFYING VIEW."

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, speaking of the pleasures of the aged, writes to her daughter:—"I have long thought myself useless to the world. I have seen one generation pass away; and it is gone; for I think there are few of those left that flourished in my youth. You will perhaps call them melancholy reflections: they are not so. There is a quiet after the abandoning of pursuits, something like the rest that follows a laborious day. It was formerly a terrifying view to me that I should one day be an old woman. I now find that nature has provided pleasures for every state. Those only are unhappy who will not be contented with what she gives, but strive to break through her laws, by affecting a perpetuity of youth."

SHE LOVED ME ONCE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

She loved me once, and memory now
Brings back those happy hours,
When love lay sleeping in our hearts
Like dew in summer flowers;
When each fond soul was fill'd with thoughts
As holy, pure and deep,
As if our spirits were enwrapp'd
Within the wings of sleep.

She loved me once, and in my heart,
This fond and blessed truth
Is all that I, alas! have saved
From blasted days of youth.
But still those hours of early love
Will come in dreams again,
Although I know that on this earth
Their return is in vain.

She loved me once, but, oh, not now,
I told her she was free;
Yet still within my steadfast heart
There is no change for me;
For love's warm light still burns within,
And never shall decline,
And while I live this joy I have,
That *once* her love was mine.

THE HUNCHBACK.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The ancient, spacious church was thronged in all its pews and aisles, on that warm, bright summer morning by an eager excited audience. The ladies, in their summer toilets of soft light hues, and their flowing drapery, occupied the best seats, and with waving of fans, quick, bright glances, smiles and bows to acquaintances, and the low rippling murmur of pleasant conversation, filled the long period of waiting. The men, in strong contrast, by reason of the prevailing sombre hue of their garments, and the quiet but compressed eagerness of their faces, stood or sat wherever there was room. Some would have passed into the vacant "body pews," that stood so invitingly open, but the intimation that these were reserved for the alumni and under-graduates caused all such adventurous persons to fall back without a murmur of expostulation.

If there is anything the American people respect, above the offices of religion and their own free institutions, it is learning and all persons connected with its acquisition.

The American has immense self-esteem and a keen sense of personal dignity, but though an uneducated man, himself, and seeming, in outward intercourse with the world, to despise knowledge of books and its possessors, he after all admires and reverences them in his heart, and shows this feeling on occasion. So it chanced now that many hard-handed sons of toil who had been wont to boast that "they had made money and done well enough all their lives without 'larnin',' " had come up here to witness the scholastic triumphs of the sons for whose education they had worked and saved, the proudest and most eager of all the throng. Not even the fond exultant mother, not the affectionate sister, not the blushing, timid fiancée, who betrayed her interest only by the restlessness she could not quite repress, felt deeper anxiety nor prouder triumph than these. And there were worthy sons of these rugged sires to bid farewell to Alma Mater and its classic shades, and commence fearlessly the career of manhood, with its struggles and its triumphs, its toils and its rewards. Of disappointments they dreamed not, for youth decks the future only in the brightest hues, and knows not how to dread the shocks of adversity.

There was a rustle of the expectant throng, an eager bending forward as the procession, headed by the faculty, entered the church, a whispering murmur, an interchange of swift pleased glances, as the officials and the graduating class placed themselves upon the platform, and the alumni and under-graduates in the pews, and then all subsided into a reverent hush, as the opening invocation of the President fell upon their ears.

Music followed prayer, and then the students, one by one, came foward with the offerings of their genius, or the results of their scholastic training—two very different things, by the way, though often confounded.

And so the day wore on. Many an eye had looked kindly alike on the pale student whose health-bloom had faded in the dim light of the midnight lamp, and upon the bright faces and manly young forms, so erect and agile, of those to whom nature had been more bounteous in her gifts of strength and vigor. And at last, when all were done—poem, oration, Greek thesis and Latin theme pronounced—appeared the valedictorian. There had been a hush of expectation ere he came forward, for marvellous had been the tales that clustered around the mysterious name of Francis Grainger.

Timidly and slowly he came forward. A faint flush of color tinged the marble pallor of his face with its exquisite Greek lines, its pure lofty expression, then receded, leaving it paler than before, while rigid lines of determination gathered round his small, perfect mouth, as, with a visible effort, he conquered his reluctance, and, first bending slightly, raised his head and gazed upon the audience.

Marvellously beautiful was that head, with its pure white brow, its curling chestnut hair, its spiritual outline and deep blue eyes, shaded by golden lashes that swept the white cheek as they fell. One sitting there, in the President's pew, very near the platform, turned a moment to gaze from the window with unwonted brightness in her eyes, and murmured, "a little lower than the angels!"

And thus might more than one have thought who looked on Francis Grainger that day, but that to some eyes the misshapen, distorted form that upbore this lovely head had its mission of repulsion. To such mere materialists the spiritual beauty of that almost angelic face had no significance. It was but an accident that placed a fine head above those ponderous, distorted shoulders, not the unerring operation of a law that could not leave its work with no external manifestation of the beautiful spirit thus pitifully shrived.

But Miss Lawrence read the problem aright. Looking upon that face, uplifted in the inspiration of the speaker's theme, listening to the plaintive but marvellous melody of that voice, watching the stray sunbeam that darted golden arrows among the heavy chestnut tresses that lay above the pure brow, turning them into a glittering coronet, and reflecting an effulgent halo around the head, she recognized by these signs, partly natural, partly—as she almost thought in the exaltation of the moment—supernatural, the true spiritual status of him who stood there before the many eyes that noted naught but his deformity.

Entranced she listened, till the last silvery cadence died in the hushed silence of the house, then, amidst the restless rustle of myriad soft movements that followed his retreat, she drew a long, shivering sigh, brimfull of many meanings, and came back to consciousness of time and place.

The further ceremonies of the day were soon over, and the audience dispersed. Miss Lawrence went home to the house of the friend with whom she was staying, as one in a dream. She went to her chamber at once, for she longed to be alone, to brood in her heart this strange sweet vision that had visited her. But in this she was disappointed. The house was full, as houses are wont to be on commencement days in college towns, and she had been forced to share her room with another guest, a silly, talkative girl, who presently entered, pouring forth a flood of voluminous prattle of all that she had thought and saw that day. Miss Lawrence was a lady, and she gave polite attention to this superficial twaddle, as long as it touched only on common and indifferent topics; but the mention of Francis Grainger's name, coupled with some contemptuous epithet, that showed how utterly the girl had failed to read aright that glorious spirit, brought indignant flashes to her eyes, while from her lips poured forth a reproof that sent the listener frightened and appalled from the room.

We have no right to invade the maiden sanctity of Miss Lawrence's thoughts in that brief lonely hour of self-communion that followed. She joined her friends at the tea-table, with her usual quiet, almost regal air of self-possession, but there was a secret trembling at her heart, as she entered the gaily lighted rooms at the President's house that night; for every graduate would be at the levee, and she was sure to meet Francis Grainger.

Miss Lawrence was a wealthy orphan, a beauty and a belle. She was accustomed to homage, and her manner unconsciously exacted it from all who approached her. But now, from amidst the brilliant circle that surrounded her, she gazed forth almost timidly for the one fair, beautiful face she longed, yet dreaded, to behold. Unacknowledged to herself, she had the conviction that somehow his fate was connected with hers. She might even then have repelled with scorn the intimation that the hunchbacked student could be aught to her, for he had entered into no plan or purpose of her life, but not the less did her thoughts revert to him constantly.

She saw him sitting apart, no one near him but a sweet, fair, elderly lady, whom any one would have guessed to be his mother by numerous signs. Many persons came and spoke to him, and he responded briefly but courteously. There was an evident sensitiveness, a painful shrinking of manner, that made it plain that the consciousness of his misfortune seldom left him. And yet Miss Lawrence remembered how he had forgotten self in his inspiring theme a few hours before; she pitied him now as greatly as she admired him then. He caught a glance of compassion from her eyes, colored like a girl, while a look of deeper pain and mortification settled on his features.

Later in the evening Miss Lawrence was seated at the piano, and some one asked for a favorite air.

"Francis Grainger must sing that with you," said her friend and cousin. "His voice and yours, in unison, will make it perfect."

He came slowly and reluctantly. He felt that he had nothing in common, he so physically debased, with the proud beauty who must despise him. He thought she pitied him also, and that was wormwood to his sensitive nature. His noble resignation to his fate had all vanished—Francis Grainger was fast becoming morbid.

She looked up at him so quietly as he stood beside her, she bowed to him so kindly, almost reverently, as her cousin presented him, that a portion of his moody fears vanished. He loved music, revelled in it, and now when their voices mingled in a flood of melody and soared into the far empyrean of sound, he forgot self, forgot everything but the lovely woman who sometimes glanced at him with clear, frank eyes as she sang, and the music that seemed almost a part of her being.

When this song was ended, they sang again and again. And when, at last, Miss Lawrence rose from the piano, he drew a long quivering breath as she had done some hours before when descending from like spiritual heights.

She leaned upon his arm and crossed the room. He shrank from the contrast, but she, by rare intuition, guessed his thoughts, divined how best to repay him for pain so unconciously given, and asked to be presented to his mother.

In those times of filial irreverence the love that Francis Grainger bore his mother, was beautiful to behold, and it was returned by a lavish devotion that seemed to fill and absorb the mother's entire life. He was her all and unfortunate, so she loved and cherished him with supreme fondness. He was gifted and beautiful, in face at least, and her pride in him was not less than her love. Any homage laid at his shrine was but his due, in her estimation, and she was jealous of the smallest slight. So, though secretly pleased at Miss Lawrence's polite consideration, she received her overtures with the courteous dignity that seemed to assume them as her right.

She was jealous, too, of this beautiful woman, who charmed all and turned from all coldly and calmly. What if Francis should love her and be repulsed, as he surely would be—a cold pang darted through the mother's heart, and she answered at ramdom as she watched the eyes of Francis devouring the rare bend of that haughty head, and the graceful curves of that perfect form

* * * * *

"She will only scorn you, Francis! Why, oh, why did she come here? You were all my own, and happy till she came."

So sighed Mrs. Grainger, as she sat beside the couch of her son in their private parlor in the Mountain Springs House. Francis had been ailing since the commencement; over-study and excitement, the physician said, and they had gone up to the Mountain Springs to seek strength for him. Mountain Springs was but a few miles from the town, and much frequented by its inhabitants, so that scarcely had the Graingers become established there, than Miss Lawrence's host with his family, and Miss Lawrence herself, took apartments and settled themselves for a few weeks in that loveliest of rural watering-places.

Miss Lawrence always distinguished Francis in the kindest manner, but this both mother and son interpreted only as amiable and compassionate complaisance toward the unfortunate. Francis dared not hope, and his mother was equally jealous of any other love, and of pity. She would talk of Miss Lawrence. She probed the aching heart of her son, day by day, with the kindest motives, and wince as he would, he hid the pang. And so, day by day, he sank beneath the pain of the desire he deemed so daring, and the kindly meant consolations of his mother.

He closed his eyes now, and the labored breath, and the hectic glow on his cheek, told how he suffered. His mother, deeming he slept, was silent.

Voices were heard in animated conversation in the adjoining parlor, Miss Lawrence's, and stray words floated through the open windows. By the sound, Miss Lawrence had seated herself near the open window, and now her voice reached them, in tones low but clear.

"Hush! the next room is Mrs. Grainger's. Your words can easily be heard there."

"Why should I care?" a man's voice replied. "Francis Grainger knows he is a humpback, and I had no malicious meaning in calling him 'humpty-dumpty.' He went by that name in college, sometimes."

"And you have called him so? You have dared add one pang to that noblest heart! I blush for you, sir. I am mortified, pained, grieved for you, more than I can tell!"

"Quite unnecessary!" replied the voice, half angrily, half saucily. "I am not the least ashamed nor grieved for myself. If a man's a hunchback, mustn't he expect to be called so?"

"Perhaps, by such as you," replied that clear, indignant voice. "But he shall not, in my presence. Please leave me at once, or ask my pardon for the insult you have bestowed upon my friend."

"Your lover, I think you should say, madam. A lady does not so assume the quarrels of a man who is but a common friend. If he be a lover, I beg to retract my words, if not, I acknowledge no right that even Miss Lawrence possesses to call me to account for them."

"Leave me, sir, instantly, and add no further to your offence! Henceforth we are strangers," resumed the indignant, unfaltering voice.

Retreating steps were heard, the door closed, and a man's low laugh, full of malice, echoed from the verandah. Within the room there was no sound but a low sob, and the murmur, "My lover—my lover."

Mrs. Grainger glanced at her son; she had believed him in blissful unconsciousness of this painful scene. But the glance revealed, by the pallor of his brow, and the rigid form, that he was not sleeping. He had heard all—was he dead?

A shriek from her lips reached Miss Lawrence in her room. She sprang from the window and appeared at that which led to Mrs. Grainger's room. In another moment she stood beside that lifeless form, knelt with that pale head upon her bosom. She was stonily calm—the calmness of despair, perhaps, and she sent the distracted mother in search of restoratives, and administered with her own hands those the frightened servants brought. She had no tears then, no thought of self, nor the strangeness of her position.

The mother was wild with despair. She hurried to and fro, sending for remedies, and despatching servants for a physician. So it chanced that when Francis Grainger opened his eyes once more, and recalled his scattered senses, there was no one present but Miss Lawrence, who pillowed his head upon her bosom.

He thought only his mother was there, and hastened to reassure her. It was not till Miss Lawrence replied, that he discovered his error, and began in a startled manner to utter his thanks.

She checked him kindly.

"We are alone?" he asked. "If I may not thank you, let me unburden my spirit by assuring you that I have never had the presumption that that man, your late visitor, hinted at. You do not believe, Miss Lawrence, that the poor hunchback would have the audacity to lift his eyes to you? I know too well——"

He faltered, and Miss Lawrence answered, in low tones:

"There could be no presumption, no audacity. Do not pain yourself—I am more sorry than I can tell, that you should have heard——"

"But I am not—can never be, since I have learned from your own lips that you are my friend—heard you repel the insult offered——"

She laid her hand upon his lips to check his grateful words, and while he pressed fervent kisses upon it, she murmured:

"Be silent, Francis—think you I could have done otherwise?"

Her voice lingered over the loved syllables of his name, as if they were her heart's music. She had never called him thus before. He looked up—their eyes met. A lightning glance, more eloquent than words, interpreted their hearts. It told of mutual love. The proud beauty and the poor deformed student had found each their heart's home.

TRUE TO HIS FLAG.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

When, early in the summer of 1812, it became known to the various Indian tribes of the frontier that the United States had declared war against Great Britain, the principal war chiefs presented themselves at Detroit, and avowing their friendship for their American brothers, solicited the favor of fighting their battles with them against the English. But from a mistaken sentiment of humanity, our government declined to accept their services. Had it done so, there is no doubt that the effusion of much innocent blood might have been prevented. Such, however, was the policy of our rulers.

No sooner was it known to the enemy that these offers had been refused, than British emissaries were sent among the tribes, holding out great inducements for them to turn against their former friends, and take up arms with the English.

The old chiefs, who had been in long intercourse with the Americans, refused to listen to the seductions of the agents thus employed; but the restless young braves, influenced by some of the hot-headed young chiefs, gladly embraced the terms, and, so that they could be engaged in the fierce contentions of warfare, they cared little on which side they were fighting.

Among those warriors who thus took part with the enemy, were many bands of Chippewas, led on by their respective chiefs.

But there was one noble old sachem of this tribe who refused to take up the hatchet unless he could be permitted to use it against the enemies of his good friends the Chemo-ke-muns, or Americans.

This man, with his family, remained true to the last, and it is of him is related the following incident.

He was an old and much respected chief named **Ne-gwa-gon**, or *Little Wing*, and was said by those who knew him to have been one of the finest specimens of humanity to be found among the Chippewas, at all times remarkable for their tall, athletic, and handsome warriors.

Ne-gwa-gon, over six feet in hight, was straight as the oaks of his own forests, and with a muscular development seldom met with among even his people. Added to these physical characteristics, he possessed a countenance of striking beauty, and a manliness of bearing, which at once proclaimed him a nobleman of his race.

Hearing that the war was soon to commence, this brave old chief, with his warriors, presented himself to the governor of the then Michigan territory, tendering his services for the country. But like that of all the other Indians, his offer was refused. However, to temper the refusal, and still to retain the good will of the chieftain, the governor directed that he should be dismissed, loaded with such presents as he and his warriors might select.

"No, no!" exclaimed Ne-gwa-gon, when the proposition was made to him, "tell the governor our good rifles and our traps will supply us with all we require. My young braves are strong, and if not permitted to fight for the Chemo-ke-muns, can obtain in the woods all we require for food and clothing. Yet there is one present we would be glad to receive," and the chief pointed upwards to the beautiful stars and stripes, floating proudly on the breeze over his head.

"Tell the governor," said he, "we would be proud to accept that, and if we cannot fight under it, we would rejoice to see it waving over our council fires, and we will promise that the *Saginash* (British) shall never take it from us, or insult it."

This request being communicated to the Governor, he immediately sent for Ne-gwa-gon and presented him with a large flag, which the Indian received with great satisfaction, and raising it above his birch bark canoe, paddled out into the river, and with its gallant folds streaming behind him, and followed by his warriors, he soon disappeared from sight around a bend of the bank.

After the war had progressed for some time, and the enemy had obtained possession of all the North-west frontier, including the city of Detroit, and the important post of Mackinac, Ne-gwa-gon, with his family and a small band of faithful warriors, retired to his old hunting ground, on the mainland near this last named fort. Here, devoting his time to the chase, he resided in a comfortable wigwam, above the top of which, day and night, waved the stars and stripes presented to him by the governor at Detroit.

Word soon reached the British officer in command of Fort Mackinac, that the American flag had been hoisted almost under the very guns of the fort; and a party of soldiers was sent to investigate the matter.

These men returned to the fort, saying the flag had been hoisted by an Indian, who refused to take it down. On hearing this report, the commanding officer, after reprimanding his men for not tearing the offending bunting from its staff, mounted his horse and rode out to the camp of the Chippewa chief.

On arriving there, the first sight that greeted his eyes, was the hated "red, white and blue" flaunting amid the trees of the forest, while seated in a circle beneath it, were the old chief and his family partaking of their evening meal.

As the Englishman approached, the chief rose to his feet, and invited his visitor to join them. But the latter, scorning the Indian's hospitality, pointed haughtily to the American flag, and demanded:

"Who erected that vile banner there?"

"*I!—I did!*" replied Ne-gwa-gon, while he raised his manly figure to his greatest hight, and measured the little officer before him with his keen eyes, from head to foot. "I did it *Saginash!*"

"Tear it away, then!" cried the Englishman, provoked to passion by what he termed the cool impudence of the Indian. "It is the flag of the Chemo-ke-mun, and must not fly here."

"Why not!" demanded the old chief, without removing his gaze from the officer—"it's my flag!"

"I say it's the flag of the Chemo-ke-mun," returned the other, "and I shall not permit it to fly here. King George is master, and he now owns the country. I repeat it, that flag shall not wave!"

"And who'll prevent it!" exclaimed the Indian, advancing to the Englishman; and assuming all the hauteur and dignity that a brave warrior can at times assume, he continued: "See here, Saginash!" and he pointed proudly to the dear old emblem of liberty—"that is Ne-gwa-gon's flag! And when my good friend, the Chemo-ke-mun governor, gave it into my keeping, I promised, upon the word of a brave, that it should not be insulted—and an Indian chief is no split-tongue—he cannot lie!"

These words were accompanied with certain demonstrations on the part of the brave old warrior, that convinced the British captain, that single handed he was no match for him, and giving vent to his excessive anger—in threats of what he would do on the morrow—the officer turned his horse's head and gallopped back to the fort.

True to his threat, on the following morning, the British captain, with a guard of soldiers, sallied out of the old fortress and directed his march toward the camp of the "obstinate savage," as he termed the brave Chippewa, determined to wrest from his hands the hated banner, and drag it at his horse's tail in triumph to the post.

But Ne-gwa-gon was prepared for his visitors, and ordering his wife and children to withdraw to the woods, he placed himself alone at the foot of the flag-staff, and awaited their arrival. Soon their footsteps upon the dry forest-leaves were heard; and then the officer, mounted as before, came in sight, followed by half-a-score of red-coats, carrying their muskets upon their shoulders.

Still that beautiful flag continued to throw its folds against the breeze; and the captain, again angered by the sight, spurred his horse in advance of the men, and with a threatening motion of his sword, demanded that it should be delivered to him instanter.

In a moment the old chief, who possessed the resolution and courage of a lion, cast his eyes upward to the object of his pride, and laid his hand upon the hilt of his knife. His eyes flashed fire, and he was about to give expression to his indignation. But restraining himself, he reached upward to the slight cord which confined the flag to its place at the end of the pole, and slowly lowering the bunting, caught it in his hands, and without detaching it from its halliards, wound it round his left arm.

Seeing this motion of the old Indian, the British captain, misinterpreting its meaning into an act of submission, laughed contemptuously, exclaiming:

"Ha! ha! ha! my old red-skin, I thought the sight of a red-coat or two would bring you to terms! Come, now, hand that Yankee rag to me, that I may do with it as it deserves!"

But casting a look of defiance at the officer, the brave old sachem loosened his tomahawk from his belt, and laying it across the folds of the flag he had promised to defend, sternly replied:

"Saginash! Ne-gwa-gon is the friend of the Chemo-ke-mun. He has but one flag and one heart! If you take one, you shall take the other also!"

"Then be it so!" shouted the Englishman, chafing with passion. "If necessary, your blood shall pay for your obstinacy!" And turning in his saddle, he ordered his men to advance upon the brave old man, and cutting him down, tear the object of his devotion from his hands.

The soldiers were hastening forward, in obedience to this cruel and cowardly order, when, as if by a preconcerted signal, Ne-gwa-gon unfolded the flag from his arm, and waving it over his head, gave out a long, piercing warwhoop, that rang sharply upon the ears of the astonished English, and was answered by fifty others in all directions about them. At the same instant a band of the Sachem's braves sprang from the thickets, and with upraised knives and war-clubs enclosed the redcoats and their officer.

Finding that they were completely at the mercy of the Indians, and deeming "discretion the better part of valor," the captain, whose instructions had been not to provoke them to hostilities, withdrew, crestfallen, to the fort.

The gallant old chief, calling for three cheers for his darling flag—as he had heard from his Chemo-ke-mun friends—immediately rehoisted it to the forest breeze, and kept it flying till the end of the war.

This gallant defender of the stripes and stars contrived to visit Detroit every year, bringing his family with him, and his beloved flag at all times flying over his canoe. General Cass, his good old friend, never failed to reward his integrity with presents of supplies for his people; and, among other things, with two new flags, which floated in triumph over his wigwam in the wilderness, till the brave spirit of the noble old warrior joined his fathers in the happy hunting grounds, when one of them was planted over his grave, where it waved till the summer breezes and the storms of winter fritted it away to shreds, and its bare pole at length rotted to the ground.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Many men dedicate business to the devil, and politics to the devil, and shove religion into the cracks and crevices of time, making it the hypocritical outcrawling of their leisure and laziness.

A child rightly brought up is like a willow branch, which, broken off and touching the ground, takes root and flourishes in any part of the earth.

Leaders shudder at the idea of being led, and little know the difference between experiment and experience.

Our lives are truly at an end when we are beloved no longer; the chilliness of the grave has been past through.

We may judge of human nature from the fact that the first screams and struggles of infants are against their mothers.

As the home of poets is said to be the world of fancy, probably they had better marry in that world; they often make poor husbands and wives in this.

Armies ought to be public-spirited, yet each soldier should occasionally attend to his own private *aims*.

We have never seen the Multiplication table versified, but every arithmetician is familiar with the Rule of Three *In verse*.

A fellow caught in a man-trap, while stealing watermelons, has secured a firm foothold upon his neighbor's premises.

Old maids are cross to the world in general, because they have no husbands to expend their ill-temper on.

A book has just been published in the West upon the science of dram-drinking; it is said to be a very good horn-book.

If brooks are, as the poet calls them, the most joyous things in Nature, what are they always "murmuring" about?

Some men never keep a promise except when their countenances promise a lie before they open their mouths.

To say I can forgive, but I cannot forget, is only a rather ungracious way of refusing forgiveness.

Great natural gifts bring duties to their possessor rather than privileges.

Probably no historian, however accurate, ever wrote as much truth as untruth.

Impatience is a proof of inferior strength, and a destroyer of what little there may be.

It is better to repose in the earth betimes than to sit up late.

The present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come.

When love finds the soul, he neglects the body, only turning to it in his idleness as an afterthought.

Friendship is a vase, which, if once flawed, may as well be broken; it can never be trusted after.

The tenderest heart loves best the bold and courageous one.

Women, we sometimes think, more easily pardon faults in men than excellences in each other.

The most disagreeable articles for a man to keep on hand are hand-cuffs.

The earliest female ancestors to whom a man can trace back his pedigree are the Eves of his house.

If you have room in your heart for a virtue and a vice, you have room for two virtues.

A long tongue is even harder to conceal than a long nose.

Knaves who never do a good thing will often do a good man.

If we were to judge young ladies by their shapes, we should think them a waspish set.

A joke that has no kernal isn't worth cracking.

Beauty, like lightning, appears and strikes at the same instant.

Silence may sometimes be very manly, but it is most unwomanly.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A couple of children, of the respective ages of seven and ten years, (the youngest being a girl and the eldest a boy,) whose parents reside in West Thirteenth street, were left to amuse themselves in the bath-tub, (where they had been bathing,) one evening recently, while the servant who had them in charge went down to gossip with her beau, and while thus left alone they thought they would turn on more water, and the boy unfortunately turning the hot water faucet, the little girl, who was crouching under it, was so dreadfully scalded that it was thought it would be impossible to save her life.

A young lady stopping at a fashionable hotel in this city, exchanged rings (hers being a valuable diamond one) "just for a little while," and "for the fun of the thing," with an elegant woman whose acquaintance she had made in the hotel, and whom she has not seen since, the elegant creature having left for parts unknown the same day that the exchange was effected, taking with her many other rings and other articles of value which she had obtained in a similar manner, the rings that the adventuress gave in exchange being, of course, worthless.

A respectable old gentleman, of a philanthropical turn of mind, while going home from church one Sunday evening lately, was accosted by a young lady who said she had sprained her ankle, and could not get home without assistance, and whom he helped on her way until they were met by her "father," who had come to "look for his dear child." On getting home, the old gentleman missed his purse and watch, and *then* he remembered what he had read in the papers about confiding men being victimized by unprincipled girls.

A number of children were playing at housekeeping a few days since, in the garret of the house where some of them resided, and having a miniature cooking-stove, they got a lot of wood and paper, and kindled a fire in it. Being careless, some of the paper lying on the floor became ignited, and soon blazed up, and in attempting to put it out one of the little girls set her clothes on fire, and was severely burnt before assistance could be given her.

A gentleman living in Plainfield, N. J., recently gathered what he supposed to be a lot of mushrooms, and taking them home, had them cooked for the family, all of whom partook of them. Soon after the family were all taken violently ill, and before the next morning three of them had died. The supposed mushrooms proved to be toadstools.

A little boy, whose parents reside in Belmont County, Ohio, finding his father's gun within his reach one day, began to amuse himself by blowing into the muzzle, and while doing so the trigger got pulled back by coming in contact with a bed-post, the gun was discharged, and the poor little fellow's brains were scattered over the room.

A young man living in Bristol, R. I., snapped his gun at a cousin of his—a girl fifteen years of age—for the purpose of "having a little sport," and then finding a percussion cap, he adjusted it upon the gun, and pointing the weapon at the girl's head, snapped it again, and shot her dead, the load taking effect in the victim's left temple.

A young woman was arrested a few days since on the charge of stealing a quantity of dry goods from a store in Broadway. Her room was searched, and about one hundred and sixty-five dollars' worth of stylish goods being found therein, which were identified by her accuser, she was locked up.

An Indiana paper says that a surgeon in that State recently cut off a patient's sound leg instead of his injured one, and on being expostulated with by the sufferer, replied, "So I have cut off your sound leg; but never mind, I'll cure *this* one and make it just as good as ever; so you see it comes to the same thing."

A young lady, who was married when she was only thirteen years old, and had lived very unhappily until she reached the age of eighteen years, committed suicide one evening lately by taking a dose of strychnine.

A druggist in Charlestown, Mass., lately gave a lady a vial of laudanum, instead of tincture of rhubarb, which her family physician had prescribed for her sick child, and the result was the death of the child.

A young woman who killed her employer some time since in Watertown, Conn., was recently convicted of the crime and sentenced to the State's Prison for life.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

THE CAUSE OF THE ENORMOUS AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. ☞ We employ no travelling agents.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT LONDON IN 1862.

Though we are surrounded with the panoply and terror of war, Peace yet asserts her sedate function in industrial and artistic shows; and not satisfied with present exhibitions, discounts the future, as appears by the appointment of Commissioners from this country to take part in the World's Fair at London in 1862. Thus, while we are battling for national existence and territorial integrity, we coolly agree to enter the lists abroad for the display of our inventions and fabrics in competition with the old, skilled nations of Europe. There is something noble, rising almost to the sublime, in this quiet assumption of our ability to carry on a contest on a supremely grand scale of expense, a million a day not covering the outlay, and a half-million of soldiers actually to be required for the field, and at the same time not stint the claims of art and industry, nor permit a thought of their prospective declension.

As we are therefore to be competitors with Europe at the coming Industrial Exposition, it is to be hoped that we shall profit by our errors at the previous one. In the vast area of the Crystal Palace in London was left a vast space for American contributors. This vastness, how was it filled? Not at all. Like Washington, it was a conglomeration of starved distances, occasionally relieved by a collection of daguerreotypes of men with "goatees" to their chins, and the dexter hand thrust in the sinister side of the shirt front, and the inevitable column, table, and curtain finishing-off "the composition;" and—India rubber shoes, braces, overcoats, and in fact India rubber manufactured into almost every thing possible and impossible. Without daguerreotypes and India rubber what would we have done at that Exhibition? They saved us—to be derided—and the spare result was paraded in the English journals in comparison with the vain-boastings of our nation. And yet beggarly as was our display, the press did not do us justice. There were some other things of American make at the show not appreciated. For example, the American Ax. In an old, cleared country it was homely prose compared with the poetically gorgeous works in gold, silk, marble, paints, malachite, which made the sense drunk with their beauty. But this ax, so mean there, scintillates historic grandeurs and glories in its home. It tells of forests hewn down, of civilization planted, of an empire so great in its advances as almost to extemporize conclusions, of the Pacific coast already gained and settled, of more railroads than Europe can present, of a whole new theory of humanity. And then that plain, "nondescript" reaping machine, over which the London *Times* made itself merry, was without admirers until the great agricultural trial took place, and then the same *Times* said: "If the Exhibition had done nothing else but make the English public acquainted with this reaper, they would be more than compensated for all the labor and expense of the Exhibition!"

But we cannot afford now to offer a repetition of starved distances at the coming show. We protest, in the name of a former plethora of the articles, against any more daguerreotypes or India-rubber overshoes. England knows what we can do in that way, and it is sheer surplusage to cram her again. Let us, too, not aim to rival what is beyond our skill—woollen cloths, (for we have shut up every woollen factory in the State of New York, and superfine broadcloths, which were sold at twelve dollars a yard twenty years ago, are no longer made by us,) or silks, or velvets, or carvings, or fine art, except a few landscapes; but seek to fill a modest space at the new Crystal Palace with certain labor-saving machines and tools wherein we excel, or at least can honorably compete with European works. At the best we cannot do ourselves anything like justice in taking part in the Exhibition. The vast proportions of much of our machinery forbid transportation across the Atlantic, and the peculiar adaptation of other kinds for this country, and not for Europe, renders them unfit for such a show. Russia made, and can make, if she will longer contribute to English Exhibition, a magnificent parade of things for the noble and rich. America, on the contrary, contributes the homely machines, which multiply artificial hands by hundreds of millions, and create wealth, and the objects in daily wear and use by millions of people. These are not brilliant to look upon.

Bearing this in mind, the Commissioners can save us from a repetition of errors, and the explosions of laughter which greeted our previous blunder. Let us be advised in time.

◆

THE "PRAIRIE MOTOR."

This is the name of the most stupendous THING ever seen on wheels in this or any other country. It is the king of vehicles. We saw it looming up, vast and black, the other day, in Twenty-third street, looking in the distance like the wreck of a mighty ocean steamer, from which all the timbers had been washed away, leaving only a heap of machinery. We bore down on this strange craft and took an observation.

A brass plate on the hub of one of the great wheels notified us of the fact, that the structure before us was the newly invented Prairie Motor; i. e. a locomotive (or high-comotive, as our witty contributor, Fanny Fern, suggests) designed to traverse the prairies and draw great trains of wagons, without the aid of rails. It was about twenty-five feet long and six feet wide. It had four wheels, two of which were eleven feet high, and the other two seven feet. These wheels were nearly two feet broad, and the tires were studded with short iron knobs, to give them a hold of the grassy plains on which they are to move. Upon this vast wagon was mounted the steam engine that is to propel it; the long boiler being hung under the floor of the wagon, and extending from the fore-wheels to the hind-wheels. In front was the steering apparatus, precisely like that of a ship, with wheel and chains, controlling the fore-wheels. The furnace was behind the large wheels, and is designed to burn wood.

It strikes us that this is an important invention, especially when we consider that recent events will probably defer the building of the Pacific Railroad for several years. There are thousands of miles of prairie in the western country which the plough will not break for many a year. The growing importance, too, of Pike's Peak and Oregon renders it highly desirable to shorten the distance between them and the Mississippi.

The question is, will the Motor work? Time will show. If it should get well stuck in a prairie "slew," such as may be found within twenty miles of Chicago, we see not what power could draw it out, unless a herd of buffaloes could be prevailed upon to lend a helping shoulder. But, then, proper care will keep it out of slews. The Motor need not be slewed unless the man at the wheel is. Upon the whole, the project seems feasible enough, and we wish it success. We warn our young readers in the prairie country not to be frightened if they should see, some fine morning, a fearful looking OBJECT sweeping across the plains, vomiting forth fire and smoke, followed by a captive file of wagons. It will only be the new Prairie Motor with a train in tow.

◆

THE LONDON TIMES AND THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

It does not follow, because a newspaper has a vast circulation, that its political articles reflect or guide the opinions of a majority, or even of a minority of its readers. The correctness and copiousness of its foreign and domestic intelligence, the accuracy of its reports of speeches, its facilities for obtaining information from sources inaccessible to its cotemporaries, may give it almost universal currency, and yet its arguments may have little or no influence, and its dictum be received with contempt. In shorter phrase, it may have multitudes of readers, yet few disciples or friends. People often resort for *information* to the columns of presses whose *principles* and *policy* they despise.

The London Times, therefore, notwithstanding its large circulation, should not on that account be looked upon as the exponent of English views or wishes in relation to the United States. It seems impossible that the people of England can approve the bitter and malignant spirit in which that tory journal assails the government of the Union and predicts its downfall. We prefer to believe that the venomous sheet which, so long as we can remember, has been consistent in denouncing at their inception all parliamentary measures having for their objects "the greatest good of the greatest number"—that has ever been the volunteer champion of hereditary wrong, the contemner of the down-trodden Many, and the parasite of the privileged Few—we prefer, we say, to believe that this life-long foe of free government and popular rights, *libels* and *scandalizes* the English nation whenever it assumes to speak for them on American affairs.

Putting aside the fact that "blood is thicker than water," and ignoring all claims to British sympathy founded on consanguinity, identity of language, and similarity of representative systems and of codes, we feel that the *pride* of John Bull must be galled and outraged by the insinuations against American *pluck* which pervade the articles of the Times and the letters of its insolent correspondent, on "the civil war in America." If Posterity should believe, on such authority, that we are a set of Bobadils and runagates, what will it think of the Mighty Nation that, while we were yet in the gristle of early youth, before our muscles were set and hardened in manhood, we twice thrashed to a stand still on land and lake and sea!

◆

METROPOLITAN CONVEYANCES.

The streets of New York present almost as great a variety of vehicles as of men. We have seen, in the course of our city travels, bands of music drawn by elephants, a sleigh by a pair of stags, orange carts by donkeys, rag carts by dogs, a straw wagon by a cow, boys' carriages by goats and by Lilliputian ponies, not to mention the Californian hunter riding on a grizzly bear. A year or two since, a small steam-carriage used to go down Broadway, now and then, between daylight and dark. It crept along by the curbstone so quietly that not half the passers-by noticed the little thing with its trail of fire and its black, boiling tea-kettle. It looked, in fact, not unlike a low hand-cart, in which a stove was carried, by the fire of which two men were warming their feet—the peculiarity of the machine being that it went by itself.

◆

A STREET SCENE.

We saw a sight the other day which made our heart stand still. The agonized cry of a little child, struck our ear; turning to discover the cause we saw a little fellow of four years, striving with tottering feet to keep pace with a couple of policemen who were grasping its struggling father by the shoulders. At every fresh grasp, the terrified little creature gave a shriek that was appalling; while the father's ashen face and lips told but too plainly how fully his heart answered to that cry. Pity prevailed over the officers of the law. It was safe indeed to relax *their* grasp, when the clasp of that little hand was tighter than any fetter they could forge. The sobbing little one slid his hand into that of his father, who in the midst of his degradation, raised his head proudly as he seized it, and beautiful and pitiful was the sight as they went *together* to the nearest station house. "A little child shall lead them!" Oh how touchingly true at this day, as in the day when it was written; as it will be in the day to come, to all future time. FANNY FERN.

◆

WAKEFUL HOURS.

There is something beautiful as sublime in the hush of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers, laying down each their life burden, insensible alike to joy or sorrow; helpless alike—the strong man as the infant—and over all the sleepless Eye, which since the world began has never lost sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts like these come to us in our wakeful night hours, with an almost painful intensity. *Then* eternity only seems real, and every-day life a fable. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase them away, as the warm sun dries up the dew-drops, which like these thoughts performed their reviving mission, ere they departed. FANNY FERN.

◆

VASCO PERES: *The Cooper of Alcobaça.*—This is the title of a story of great and absorbing interest, the publication of which we shall commence in the next number of the LEDGER. We like it, and we have no doubt our readers also will be well pleased with it.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Twenty-three.

THE SYMPATHY OF RUSSIA.

The present momentous crisis has produced nothing of greater interest than the letter of Instructions of Prince Gortschakoff to Mr. de Stœckel, the Russian Minister in this country. This despatch, bearing date St. Petersburg, the 10th of July, was read by Mr. de Stœckel to the President of the United States and to Mr. Seward, and appeared in our newspapers early in September. It is, in fact, the manifesto of the Emperor of Russia, addressed, nominally to the Government of the United States, but in effect to the civilized world, on the present state of affairs in this country. It is not too much to say, that no state paper has appeared, in the present generation, marked with profounder wisdom or more liberal feeling, or calculated to exercise a happier influence at home and abroad.

This important letter is understood to have been written under the personal inspiration of the Emperor, Alexander II., Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, (cousin of the General of the same name, who commanded the Russian armies in the Crimean war,) being the Imperial Secretary for foreign affairs. This eminent statesman and diplomatist is now sixty-three years of age. He commenced his career in the *suite* of Count Nesselrode, at the Congresses of Laybach and Verona, and in 1824 was sent as Secretary of Legation to London, where he was mainly occupied for several years in perfecting himself in the principal languages of Europe. It is the practice of the Russian Government to train a class of men, for the management of the Foreign affairs of the country, in the acquisition of the French, English, German, and Italian tongues, a practice which has contributed not a little to the efficiency of the Russian diplomatic service. After leaving London, Prince Gortschakoff became successively *chargé d'affaires* at Florence and at Vienna; Ambassador Extraordinary at Stuttgard; Plenipotentiary at Frankfort, and finally Ambassador at Vienna. In these various positions, and on occasions sometimes of delicacy and embarrassment, he exhibited a diplomatic talent of the highest order, which caused him, on the retirement of Count Nesselrode, to be placed at the head of the bureau of Foreign Affairs. An expression in his circular to the Russian ministers, on occasion of the late movements in Sicily, attracted general attention in Europe. Urging against France and England their own principles of non-intervention, he said, *La Russie ne boude pas, elle de recueille*: "Russia does not sulk, she collects herself."

An official expression of the views of the Russian government on the American Question must, under any circumstances, be a very important event. Prince Gortschakoff's letter alludes to the grounds of sympathy between the two countries. To use his own language, it recognizes the United States as "a nation to which our August Master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest. For the two countries, placed at the extremity of the two worlds, both in the ascending periods of their development, appear to be called to a natural community of interests and sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other."

This remarkable letter of Prince Gortschakoff is not the least significant indication of the leanings of his Imperial Master, on a subject of equal interest to both governments, and with which the present unnatural war in this country is so closely connected. With great delicacy the Prince observes, "I do not wish here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express ourselves in this contest." When we bear in mind, however, that the moment the Emperor Alexander was enabled by the capture of Kars, (which served as a compensation for the fall of Sebastopol,) to retire from the Crimean war with honor, he devoted himself to the great work of abolishing servage in his vast dominions, we shall perceive that, in addition to the political considerations to which I shall presently allude, he had strong grounds of sympathy with the United States, in a struggle forced upon them for the extension of slavery.* While assuming the great responsibility of raising a majority of the inhabitants of his immense empire from a state of bondage to one of freedom, it was not possible that an enlightened Prince could look with cold indifference upon the struggles of a friendly power, to put down a gigantic insurrection whose object is declared by its own leaders to be to found a government, "for the first time in the History of the World, on the corner stone of slavery."

The Emperor Alexander, in directing this noble manifesto to go forth to the world, was influenced, as appears on the face of the document, by two considerations, one of liberal European interest, and the other of generous American sympathy, considerations both of them worthy of a magnanimous Prince. They have doubtless occurred to other enlightened governments and wise rulers in Europe, but the Emperor Alexander will in all time be entitled to the credit of having first made them the ground of a great official act.

The first consideration, that of liberal European interest, is referred to in Prince Gortschakoff's remark, that the American Union is "AN ELEMENT ESSENTIAL TO THE UNIVERSAL POLITICAL EQUILIBRIUM." It is hardly necessary to state, that this great principle of "a political equilibrium" lies at the basis of the peace of Europe. With five powers of the first order, and numerous others of inferior, but still of great importance, the only security for anything like general tranquility is to maintain the various states substantially in the position to which time and events have brought them, and to admit, with extreme reluctance, great changes in the distribution of power, or partition of territory. The necessity of maintaining this equilibrium has no doubt been frequently abused by unwarrantable interference with the internal affairs of foreign states; but the principle itself rightly understood has a foundation in a real European necessity. Wholly to disregard it would be to plunge the civilized world into a chaos of ambitions and passions, like the elemental confusion which would take place in the Universe, if the great law of gravitation, which guides the heavenly bodies in their orbits, should cease to operate, and planets, suns, and stars should rush madly against each other.

But while this equilibrium is for the most part easily sustained, by the well-balanced military strength of the four great continental powers, the insular position and naval superiority of England, with her almost boundless colonial empire, form a disturbing element, to which, within the limits of Europe, there is no sufficient counterpoise. It has accordingly from the first dawn of American Independence, been a cardinal principle of continental politics, and eminently on the part of Russia, to favor the growth of the United States, as a commercial and naval power, which furnished precisely what Europe could not afford, viz.: "this essential element of the general political equilibrium." What Mr. Canning valued himself so much upon doing, when, "to redress the balance of power," disturbed by the French occupation of Spain, he "called into existence," to use his own rather lofty expression, "a new world in the West," by the recognition of the independence of the Spanish American Colonies, has on a much larger scale been done by the course of events, for all the continental powers and the general equilibrium of Europe, in the growth of the United States. This consideration has, at all times, had a traditional weight with Russia and France, and no doubt greatly influenced the last named government, in the masterly policy of the American alliance of 1778. The Emperor Alexander is well aware that if the United States are broken up into hostile fragments, with the necessary exposure to eternal border wars, their influence in the world, as a great integral power, will be seriously impaired, and their weight as a counterpoise to England, for some time at least, lost "to the universal political equilibrium." Nor will the present sagacious ruler of France allow the temporary loss of a few bales of cotton and a few hogsheads of tobacco to drive him from the hereditary policy of his country, or lead him to look with indifference to any diminution of a maritime power across the Atlantic, quite as important to him as his own navy.

The other motive which prompted the Russian Government to the significant step of issuing this magnificent State paper, is that of generous sympathy with America. This noble feeling shines out in every sentence of Prince Gortschakoff's letter, and raises it far above the level of diplomatic routine into the highest sphere of public sentiment and conscience. Listen to the eloquent words in which he speaks of our country:

> "For more than the eighty years that it has existed, the American Union *owes its independence, its towering rise and its progress, to the concord of its members*, consecrated under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile the Union with liberty. *This Union has been faithful.* It has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity, without example in the annals of History. It would be deplorable, that after so conclusive an experience, the United States should be hurried into a breach of the Solemn Compact, which, up to this time, has made their power."

While language like this, as true as it is eloquent, is addressed to us by the hereditary and autocratic ruler of a foreign Empire, with what words of burning indignation can we sufficiently brand the folly and madness of the ambitious men at home, born and reared under this "faithful Union," whose unexampled prosperity is the admiration of the world, who are daily aiming their parricidal blows at the heart of the country, on whose soil they were born and at whose bosom they were nurtured. The Emperor Alexander, in his imperial halls at St. Petersburg, cannot bear to see this beautiful framework of government shattered; and men who have not only, in common with their fellow-citizens, grown up under its mild and parental tutelage, but have been fed on its bounty, educated at its expense, and solemnly sworn to its support, are moving heaven and earth to reduce it to shameful ruins! While Russia is teaching us that, "in spite of the diversity of their constitutions and their interests, and perhaps even because of their diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional bond, *which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence*," the South can find no terms bitter enough to express her hatred and contempt of this "traditional bond," and her resolution to undo this benign work of Providence!

It is truly amazing that the South, if insensible to all other considerations, does not see the suicidal fatuity of her course. It has hitherto been a matter of urgent policy with statesmen and rulers, as far as it can be done by honest means, to extend the territorial limits and increase the population of a country. The South is exhausting herself in the frantic attempt to diminish by two-thirds the territory and the population of the country of which she forms a part. A belligerent power sometimes perishes in the utter failure of its ambitious projects,—the South is ruined if she succeeds. The worst foreign enemy could not inflict upon her a tithe of the mischief she is striving to bring on herself. A commercial marine and a navy as the means of protecting it, and as the indispensable condition of security at home and influence abroad, have hitherto been coveted by all States possessing an extensive sea-coast. The South insanely proposes to let herself down from the position of one of the first maritime powers of the world, into a fifth-rate semi provincial government, holding the ingress and egress of her ports at the tolerance of any power in Europe that can keep a half a dozen steam frigates at sea. If it were not for the navy of the United States, the Bey of Egypt might, at this moment, seal up every Southern port from Hatteras Inlet to the mouth of the Rio Grande. The Imaum of Muscat, if he was this side of the Cape of Good Hope, would be a dangerous neighbor to Charleston and Mobile. The American statesmen of the last generation, under a Virginian President, surrounded by a Cabinet and Congress largely controlled by Southern influences, proclaimed the doctrine that the American Continent was no longer to be deemed open to foreign colonization. The sagacious South is now straining every nerve to turn twenty neighboring sister States, belonging to a Union of which she has hitherto all but monopolized the government, into an overshadowing foreign power, planted side by side of her on American soil. Her reasons for a policy so stupendously suicidal are, that, in a Constitutional Union with these sister States, she is not allowed to extend Slavery into territory now free, (and where it could not possibly go,) and that laws by which her fugitives are required to be surrendered on their way to Canada, (generally enforced in good faith, however at variance with public sentiment,) fail, perhaps once a year, to be executed. Her remedy for this trifling evil, and her redress for this imaginary wrong, is to deprive herself of the rights stipulated for her by the Constitution, and faithfully secured to her by Federal Courts, Executives, and Congresses of her choice; to constitute herself an alien and an enemy in two-thirds of the States and territories, and to bring down Canada to the Potomac!

But to return to Prince Gortschakoff's letter, of which every sentence almost affords matter for approving commentary. How admirable the following, though perhaps a little obscure in the translation: "In any event, the sacrifices which the United States might impose upon themselves to maintain the Union are beyond comparison [not to be compared?] with those which dissolution would bring after it. *United they perfect themselves, isolated they are paralyzed.*" Taken in connection with the preceding sentences, which I have already quoted, the meaning of this wise remark no doubt is, that even if adherence to the Constitutional Union of the States should involve some sacrifices of interest or feeling, they are incomparably less than those which will result from separation. All the John Browns that would spring up in a century of continued Union, would not cost the South a tithe of the sufferings she has inflicted upon herself in six months, since her batteries opened on Fort Sumter.

Prince Gortschakoff does the Russian minister in this country no more than justice in alluding to "the personal influence acquired by him during his long residence in Washington," and which unquestionably comes in aid of "the consideration which belongs to his character, as the representative of a sovereign, animated by the most friendly sentiments toward the American Union." The *corps diplomatique* at Washington was probably never more respectable than at the present moment, and certainly no member of it has better known than Mr. de Stœckel how to reconcile that fidelity to his own government, which is the first duty of a foreign minister, with respectful and kindly relations with the government to which he is accredited, and cordial sympathies with the People of the United States.

It would be difficult to overstate the just influence which will be exerted by the letter of Prince Gortschakoff over the public opinion of Europe. From one of the highest points of observation in the civilized world, he has spoken on behalf of one of its leading powers, words of wisdom and truth, which will be heard and respected alike throughout Europe and America.

Boston, 20th September, 1861.

---

* A complete view of the enlightened policy of the Emperor Alexander II. for the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, and of the various steps taken by him to effect that end, down to the year 1859, may be found in a valuable work, entitled "*Etudes sur la question de l'Abolition du Servage en Russie par un Contemporain*," for a copy of which I am indebted to the Baron d'Osten-Sacken, the very intelligent Secretary of the Russian legation at Washington.

◆

THE SPICE ISLANDS.

——"The isles of Ternate and Tidore,
Whence merchants bring their spicy drugs."
PARADISE LOST.

Once, in a day-dream, on the deep,
Methought the Indian Isles I saw!
All in a sultry, tropic sleep,
Lay Ternate and Tidore;

And farther, through the glittering haze,
Amboyna's fringe of orient balm,
Gray Motor's wondrous spicy maze,
And Bacchia's tufts of palm.

Deep in the deep each rock and tree
Was imaged! through the sapphire clear
The cloud-vault doubled in the sea
Its hollow hemisphere:

But o'er the tide, as near we drew,
No touch of fragrance filled the air,
No odor-laden breezes blew
A shoreward welcome there.

Till up a sudden tempest sprung,
That shook the islands' cloistered bloom,
From hidden sweets of spices wrung
Their secrets of perfume.

Loud roared the storm, fierce raged the deep,
The tempest broke in clouds of flowers,
The sun-drifts lay on Bacchia's steep
And Motor's rosy bowers;

And every air such rapture brings
That breath by breath the pulses thrill—
As thrills the wind-harp's hidden strings
When all the woods are still.

Like to those isles some natures clear,
In quiet, voiceless peace repose,
Till to some storm-soul hovering near
Their hidden sweets unclose.

FRED. S. COZZENS.

◆

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 92.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Among the economies yet to be developed and erected into a science, is the *Economy of Happiness*. There is a very great diversity of original gift in this regard. Some are born with a facility to enjoyment which will inevitably make them happy, unless overcome by continuous and violent assaults. Others inherit a sensibility to pain and to annoyance, which almost compels unhappiness. But the great middle class, equally inclined to either joy or sorrow, are dependent for happiness upon almost every other influence than their *own will*. Few know how to economize their feelings, to hold them in any degree of subjection; and especially in any such training as shall promote enjoyment or ward off discontent.

We are far from advocating the pursuit of happiness as the great *end* of life. No mistake could be greater. It would be not only selfish and wrong, but would defeat its own intent.

No man is so little likely to be happy as he who is seeking nothing but how to be happy. For, we are so created that true enjoyment falls out when we are seeking nobler and higher aim. But in discharging the proper duties of daily life, it is far better to carry ourselves so as to be on the right side of our own faculties. We need not make our burdens heavier by stopping at each step to weigh them again, and compound them. If annoyances happen, it is not needful for us to cherish and enlarge them. If we would treat our dispositions as we do our dwellings, we should be both wiser and better. We shut out the dust; and if it sift in, we take pains not to raise it, but with quiet hand remove it from bureau and table. But in our own hearts we leave the door open for every wind to drive in all grime and dust, and then we set ourselves to sweep it out with such a wind of energy that the air is choking full! No one sets out purposely an entertainment of sweet things to draw flies; nor raises swarms of musquitoes for midnight delectation in his household economy. But in heart-housekeeping men do both the one and the other. They breed cares and pestering frets, and petty ill-natures, as if on purpose to be stung and poisoned. They take no pains to rid themselves of these things.

People that are close economists of money, who know how to keep things snug, who give a long look ahead, let their feelings run loose, neither prevent painful intrusion, nor have self-restraint. They leave their happiness entirely to unthinking chance. Every one should have occupation; right aims in life; enough to do; and then, in pursuing his course, he should make it a prominent Duty to be *content, cheerful* and *happy*. Peace of mind ought not to be a luxury. It should be a *necessary* of life. I was, yesterday, reading over a pile of last summer's letters, full of business, of requests, complaints, inquiries, &c. Not one of them all had now any pith or significance. They were shadows of shadows. Of the thoughts, feelings, anxieties which pass through the mind, and cloud or burden the day, not one in ten thousand has substance enough to last a week.

If one would, or could, put on record the seemingly important matters of each day, and review them in six months, he would find that, he had omitted the real things, undiscerned, on which his life hinged, and that he might brush nine-tenths of all the seemingly important things out of his journal as empty and useless! We are fooled every hour by shams. We put our life at the mercy of the emptiest vanities. We shed no tears over the things that touch us to our very immortality, while we run weeping after troubles that no more hurt us than darkness harms the night, or dew hurts the flowers.

◆

—Gen. Hiram Walbridge would make a good candidate for Mayor, to be supported by all parties, which would be as good a way as any to elect him. At the beginning of the war he was the owner of a gold mine in North Carolina, which has been confiscated on account of his loyalty; but he is richer in the golden opinions which his patriotism has won for him. He has raised ten regiments, in different States. He is intimate at the White House, and is highly esteemed by Mrs. Lincoln, as he is by all his friends. He is devoted to the Union, and has all the qualifications for Mayor except a majority of the votes, and those should be given to him—that is, on election-day.

TO AN IMITATOR.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Touch not, touch not that delicate harp,
But let it lay upon his tomb
Inviolate as the amaranths
We've taught above his sleep to bloom.
Even if thy skill could from the strings
Win music such as once he won,
Know that when their great master died,
Their grand and holy work was done.

II.

Off with those bold, irreverent hands!
If thou *must* sing, then go, *like him*,
And listen in the mount and wood
To Nature's glorious cherubim.
Should'st thou *not* hear them at their song,
Then know God has not given to thee
That poet-ear which understands
Creation's awful harmony.

* * *

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A lamp faint lit the cell,
Feebly upon her iron bed,
Feebly upon her drooping head,
Its sickly quiverings fell:
The silent watchers sat apart,
What passed in that poor bleeding heart
Their cold hearts naught could tell. MICHELL.

The first thing Malcolm Montrose did the next morning was to go over to Allworth Abbey to fetch the small sky-terrier that had been Eudora's only pet.

He found the poor little creature rambling disconsolately about the grounds, where the servants told him she always wandered, as if in search of her lost mistress.

He took her with him in the chaise and drove to the prison.

He was admitted at once to the condemned cell, where he found Eudora reclining upon the bed, from which she seldom now arose, for her strength seemed hourly waning, and it was a question whether she could survive till the day appointed for the execution, to undergo the sentence of the law. She was attended by the stern-faced woman who alternately, with Barton, kept guard over the prisoner.

She arose upon her elbow to welcome Malcolm, but before she could speak, Fidelle, with a quick bark of joy, had recognized her mistress, and sprang from the arms of Malcolm to the bosom of Eudora, where she nestled, trembling with delight.

The poor young prisoner smiled faintly as she put one hand caressingly around her favorite, and held out the other to her visitor, saying:

"I thank you very much, dear Malcolm, for fetching her so soon. Poor little thing, I am glad *she* does not know," she added, tenderly caressing her pet.

Ah, but Fidelle *did* know—if not the nature and particulars of the heavy misfortune—at least that something had gone wofully wrong with her mistress, upon whose faded, wasted, hollow-eyed countenance she gazed with the touching, mute eloquence of a dog's love and sympathy.

Malcolm seated himself beside Eudora, and watched her uneasily as she lay dimly smiling and softly caressing her little dumb friend, and apparently forgetting for the time being her own awful position. And as he noticed her, his heart ached with the foreboding fear that her mind as well as her body was giving way and sinking into imbecility under the pressure of her heavy calamity.

He wished to test the truth of his suspicion by conversing with her upon some subject more serious than that of her little dog, who seemed for the present to engage all her attention; yet he hesitated to disturb the transient peace that seemed to have descended upon her bruised spirit like a blessing.

"I wonder if they would let me keep her? she could do no harm, you know, poor little heart, and it would be almost a comfort to have something here that loves me through the sleepless nights," said Eudora, raising her eyes with pleading inquiry to Malcolm's face.

"I think they will, if you so much desire it. I think they will give you every indulgence the rules do not absolutely forbid," answered Malcolm.

"It is only a few days, so they might not mind, you know. Why, even the cruel men of the French Revolution let Marie Antoinette keep her little dog, though they took crown and kingdom, husband and children, and even life away from her, and surely——"

"I will see to it, love; there can be no possible objection to granting you so harmless an indulgence," interrupted Montrose.

Malcolm's order for admission comprised only one hour of each day. It was supposed that longer or more frequent visits would only distract the prisoner's mind from the solemn duty of preparation for death, for which so short a time had been granted her.

Punctually, therefore, at the end of the stipulated hour, the turnkey unlocked the door of the cell, and informed Mr. Montrose that his time was up.

Eudora held her little dog towards him, saying:

"You had better take her down and get permission before you venture to leave her with me, Malcolm."

Montrose silently received the little animal, but when Fidelle perceived that she was to be carried off, she set up such a piteous howling and struggling, that even the stern heart of the female warder, callous to human suffering, was touched with compassion, and she said:

"I think as how you may venture to leave her, sir. You can ask the governor about it when you go down stairs, and then, if so be objections are made, it will be time enough to come and force her away."

"Thank you; I think you are quite right," said Malcolm, restoring the little creature to her mistress. Then stooping, he pressed his lips to the forehead of Eudora, promised to repeat his visit the next day at the usual hour, took his leave, and left the cell.

In the hall below he met the governor and preferred his request. And Mr. Anderson, really pleased with the opportunity of granting any indulgence to the unhappy young prisoner not inconsistent with the duties of his office, readily consented, and he himself went to the cell to assure Eudora that she might keep her little four-footed friend as long as she liked.

Malcolm Montrose left the prison wondering that he had not encountered Annella Wilder there or on the road. He felt extremely anxious again to see and speak with that mad girl, who, he much feared, was rushing headlong into some frantic enterprise which, without helping Eudora, might ruin herself. He vainly looked out for her on his way back to town, and vainly expected her during the remainder of the morning.

The whole day passed without his seeing or hearing anything of the admiral's grand-daughter.

The next morning, however, as he was sitting over an untasted breakfast, impatiently waiting for the hour at which he might visit Eudora, the door was suddenly pushed open, and, unannounced, Annella stood before him.

He positively started with dismay at her appearance.

She was dressed in black as on the previous days, and her face had always been pale and wasted from the effects of the long-continued slow starvation of her childhood's years. But now two crimson spots burned in the hollows of her cheeks, and her eyes glowed like fire in their sunken sockets. She seemed consuming with some hidden fever or restrained frenzy.

Malcolm took her hand, and made her sit down in the easy chair, while he said:

"I did not see you at the prison yesterday. I hope that illness did not keep you away?"

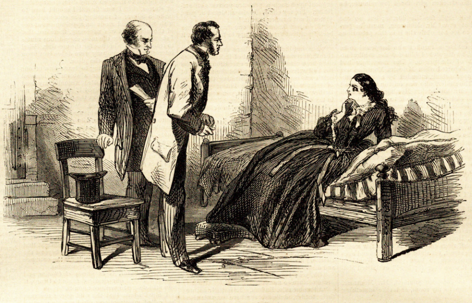
"It could not have done so. No; they would not admit me yesterday, and they will not today. They say that so many visits disturb the prisoner's mind, and draw off her thoughts from the duty of preparing for death. They say that from this time no one is to see her, except the officers of justice, the ministers of the Gospel, and yourself, as her nearest living relative!" answered Annella.

"They say—who say, my dear child?"

"Why, the sheriff and the gaoler, and even the chaplain, who stood my friend at first, but who now says that my daily visits will do the prisoner more harm than good."

"This will interfere with your hopes of saving Eudora," said Malcolm, only with the view of drawing her out; "for, of course, if you are not permitted to see her, you can do nothing for her?"

"Yes I can! besides, I shall see her once more. The sheriff promised that, to get rid of me, I am to be allowed one parting interview with her the day before she is to die—'*To die!*' as if he thought I was going to let her die!" exclaimed Annella, feverishly, while the crimson spots in her hollow cheeks burned more brightly, and the smoldering fire in her sunken eyes flashed more fiercely.



THE DEATH-WARRANT.

"What are your plans, Annella?" inquired Malcolm, with as much calmness as he could assume, secretly hoping that she might have forgotten her former refusal to confide in him, and would now, as a matter of course, inform him.

But Annella had a good memory and a firm will. She replied:

"I repeat that I will not tell you! I will not tell any one! I will act alone! If my act be a felony, my person only shall pay for it! If it be a sin, my soul only shall answer for it! If the plan fail—as it shall not—I only will bear the blame! If it succeed—as it shall—you only shall gain the honor!"

"The honor, from whom?"

"From Eudora, of course, for saving her life! from no one else, for none but her, you, and myself, shall ever know that she is saved! All else shall believe that she has perished!"

"My dear, dear child, you talk wildly!" said Malcolm, uneasily.

"I do not, even when I reiterate that Eudora shall be saved, while all the world, except us three, shall believe that she has perished!"

"Annella, you speak of impossibilities!"

"You will find before three days shall have passed over our heads, that I have converted those impossibilities into certainties."

Malcolm Montrose bowed his head upon his breast, and remained a few moments in deep and anxious thought. Then looking up, he said:

"I have been vainly taxing my brain to discover what your scheme may be; but I cannot find it out; I cannot even imagine what it is."

"No, I presume not," replied Annella.

"You are not perhaps dreaming of such an impracticability as taking her place and dying in her stead?" inquired Malcolm, dubiously.

Annella laughed a low, weird, unnatural laugh, as she replied:

"No, for that, indeed, would be impossible; though, could it be otherwise, I would gladly attempt it, since it is so much easier to die oneself than to see a dear friend die! But such is not my plan, for it would be, as you say, impracticable. I should be found out in an hour. Besides, even to attempt such a plan would require the connivance of her warders, which you know cannot be gained for love or money. No, Mr. Montrose, what I do shall be accomplished without the assistance, connivance, or even knowledge, of any soul within or without the prison! It shall be accomplished by myself singly!" said Annella, proudly.

Again Malcolm dropped his head upon his breast, and fell into profound and troubled thought. At length he raised his head, and said, very gravely:

"I have discovered your scheme, Annella; and I am glad that I have done so in time to save you from attempting to put it into practice."

Annella started violently, and gazed upon him anxiously.

"For the very attempt would be a crime."

"Well, it would be *my* crime, not yours. *I* should have to answer for it, not you! And if *I* choose to peril my life, liberty, and honor here, and my salvation hereafter, in the service of Eudora, it is not *your* hand or voice that should be lifted to hinder me!" exclaimed Annella, indignantly, rising and pacing the floor. Presently she paused before him, and sharply demanded:

"Why do you, of all men in the world, seek to hinder me from attempting to save Eudora?"

"Because, dear girl, in the first place, the very attempt to save her by such means would be, as I said before, a crime; and because, in the second place, it would never succeed!"

"Why should it not succeed?" demanded Annella, abruptly.

"Because, dearest girl, the physician of the prison is a man of science, skill, and experience, and he would detect the trick in a moment."

"The physician of the prison?" inquired Annella, with a puzzled look.

"Yes; Dr. Nelson would understand and expose the *ruse* in an instant."

"But why should *he* more than others? May I die, if I know what you are driving at!" exclaimed Annella, looking more and more perplexed.

"Why, at this fact, that Dr. Nelson would certainly be summoned; that his knowledge of narcotics and their effects would enable him to comprehend the case at the first glance, and so your scheme would fail."

While he spoke Annella was watching him attentively. When he ceased, she said:

"I am astonished at your perspicacity, Mr. Montrose; but tell me what you suppose the plan to be which the medical attendant of the prison will be so quick to detect?"

"Why, of course, when you assure me that Eudora Leaton shall be saved, at the very time that all the world, except our three selves, shall believe her to have perished, I can come to but one of two conclusions in respect to your purposed course."

"And what may those be?"

"The *first* I have already mentioned; that perhaps you insanely propose to take her place, in the mad hope that your person might possibly be mistaken for hers and yourself permitted to suffer in her stead, so as to deceive the world into the belief that she had perished, while in reality she would be safe and free."

"You know that I have denied and repudiated that course as impracticable and even unthought-of by me. But the *other!* What is the other conclusion to which your wisdom has arrived in regard to my purposed course?"

"Or else——" said Malcolm, hesitatingly.

"Or else?—Yes! What? What is that *second* conclusion—that other scheme which is to be a crime, and which the physician of the gaol is to detect and expose? I am anxious to know what you suppose that to be, if you will tell me?" said Annella, mockingly.

Malcolm hesitated for a moment, and then said:

"You intend, surreptitiously, to administer some powerful narcotic sedative to Eudora, which shall plunge her into a sleep, trance, or coma, so profound as to simulate death. And then, when she shall be supposed dead, you propose to have her body claimed by me, as her nearest relative, ostensibly for the purpose of Christian burial, but really for that of being conveyed to some safe and secret place and restored to consciousness. A very ingenious plan, Annella, which, if it could be made to succeed, would certainly deliver our dearest one from captivity and death, while it would, at the same time, mislead the public into the belief that she had perished in prison. But, dear Annella, for the reasons I advanced just now, it must not be attempted. The very administration of such a drug would seriously endanger Eudora's life, and therefore constitute a crime. Besides, it could not succeed for a moment. The physician who would be called would immediately recognize the presence of the drug and apply antidotes. So the only effect of your scheme, my poor Annella, would be to entail useless suffering upon that sweet victim; therefore——"

He was interrupted and astonished by a peal of weird laughter from Annella, who, as soon as she recovered herself, exclaimed:

"I do so much admire your perspicacity, Mr. Montrose, and also your ingenuity in imagining such a plan! And I likewise perfectly agree with you that it could never succeed, as the science and experience of the prison doctor would detect and expose the fraud in an instant. But I never even dreamed of such a *ruse*, Mr. Montrose. I know nothing whatever of 'narcotic sedatives' or any other drugs, or their effects; and even if I did, I would not for the world risk Eudora's life by administering them to her. And even if I were wicked enough to do so, I should never have the opportunity afforded me, because of the sharp eyes of those female turnkeys that are never removed from me while I am in the cell. No, Mr. Montrose, you are very clever indeed, but you have not discovered my plan. My scheme involves no such risk of life to Eudora, nor of discovery by the physician! No; for if my scheme succeeds, as it must, Eudora shall leave the prison in full possession of her life, health, and faculties! Excuse my having laughed, but I could not help it. I was so tickled by your positiveness, and so delighted to find, after all, that you had not detected my plot! And if *you*, with *your* perspicacity, have not discovered it, who will?—why, no one!" exclaimed Annella, triumphantly.

"Then, in the name of Heaven, since neither of my conjectures were right, what is your most inexplicable scheme?" demanded Malcolm in amazement.

"I have already several times assured you that I shall not tell you; and I mean to keep my word!" replied Annella, firmly.

"Let me consider for a moment," said Malcolm, reflectively. "You propose, without the assistance, connivance, or even knowledge of any other single soul within or without the prison, except our three selves, to place Eudora Leaton, free and safe, outside the prison walls, while all the world except ourselves shall believe her to have perished?"

"Yes, that is just exactly what I undertake to do!" said Annella, exultingly.

"But why not confide to me the mode by which you propose to do all this?" inquired Malcolm, gravely.

"Because I won't!" said Annella, giving him the "woman's reason" without an instant's hesitation.

"Miss Wilder," began Malcolm, in a grave, sorrowful tone, "I greatly fear that in your beautiful devotion to Eudora, your zeal in her behalf, and your total inexperience of the world, you are about to rush into some ruinous enterprise that may destroy yourself without saving that poor, sweet girl."

"Well?" inquired Annella, looking up anxiously and defiantly.

"Under these circumstances, I doubt whether it is not my duty to go to the Anchorage, and advise your friends there to take better care of you than they seem to be doing," answered Montrose, gravely.

Annella jumped to her feet with a rebound that rung like steel springs on the floor, confronted him, and flashed sheet-lightning from her eyes, as she exclaimed:

"If you dare! If you *dare*, Mr. Montrose! I will do you some deadly mischief! I will, as the Lord in Heaven hears me; for I am not good, I tell you! I am bad! I have black blood in my veins, wherever I could have got it!"

While Malcolm gazed in astonishment upon her, her mood suddenly changed. The fire died out of her eyes, her arms dropped by her sides, and her voice lowered, as she said:

"But—pshaw! I am a fool to threaten you; you would not mind what mischief anyone might do you. But I will give you a reason for your silence that you must mind—Eudora's safety! Mr. Montrose, I was wrong to boast so much to you of my own secret certainty of success, especially as I refused to confide to you the grounds of that certainty."

"Will you confide them to me now, Annella!" inquired Montrose, kindly.

"No! and a thousand times no! but still——"

"Still you expect me to believe in them?"

"Yes; and when you are inclined to doubt, because of the humble instrument of this success, please to remember that a mouse once freed a lion from a net, and a goose saved imperial Rome! and think that poor Annella Wilder may not have boasted vainly when she promised to deliver Eudora Leaton from death! And so, if you really do love Eudora, and desire her deliverance, you will take no step to hinder my plans! Nay, you must promise me to take none!"

"You ask much of me, Annella!"

"Not more than you will grant for Eudora's sake."

"But your plans are totally inexplicable; and your object, by your own single act to set the prisoner free and safe outside the prison walls, and make all the world believe that she has perished, seems quite impossible of attainment."

"I shall accomplish it."

"It is a riddle to me."

"Let it remain so for a few days longer. But I did not come here to propound or expound riddles; I came to tell you that as they have refused me admittance to Eudora until the evening before the appointed execution, it will be well to make some little change in our arrangements."

"How?"

"Why, as I cannot get into the prison before Tuesday evening, of course I cannot get Eudora out before that time."

"And what then?"

"Why, then it will be perfectly useless for you to keep the fast horse tied every night in the thicket, or lose your own rest by watching near the prison. And it would not only be useless, but indiscreet, as it might attract attention, and endanger the success of my plot."

"Then what is it you wish of me?" inquired Malcolm, rather with the design of acquiring some little knowledge of her plan than with any hope of its success.

"Before I tell you what wish, I want to know if you have already done what you engaged to do?"

"You mean to ask——"

"If you have hired the vessel to take her away, when she is safe outside the prison walls?"

"I have not yet."

"You promised to do that! You dare not break your pledged word!" exclaimed Annella, between alarm and defiance.

"I have no purpose to break faith with you, dear Annella. It can do no manner of harm to hire the vessel you speak of; and it is my intention to look out for one to-day. What next?"

"Why, after you have hired the vessel to hover near the coast, and arranged to have the little boat always tied and floating at the beach, then I advise you to keep as quiet and get as much rest as you can between now and Tuesday night; for I assure you you will need all your health, and strength, and nerve, and presence of mind for that occasion. Then, on Tuesday night, about eleven o'clock, have your fast horse ready in the thicket, and you yourself wait near the gate, and, as I said before, when you find Eudora Leaton in your arms, never stop to ask a question, or to look behind you, but fly as Lot fled from burning Sodom!"

"Mystery of mysteries—all is mystery!" exclaimed Montrose, involuntarily paraphrasing the Scripture proverb, as he gazed like one in a dream upon the thin, flashing face of the excited girl.

"And now promise me that you will not go to the Anchorage to do what you threatened, or ever attempt to hinder me in any way."

"I promise," answered Malcolm, "though I do so in blind confidence."

"Your faith shall be justified, if ever faith was."

"I promise," repeated Malcolm, like one under the influence of a spell.

"That will do; I know that you will keep your word; and now that I have your pledge, I will tell you——"

"Your plan?"

"No! But why it is I cannot confide that plan to you Mr. Montrose;—but because if I were to impart to you or to any other human being the nature of my plan, it could never be accomplished, and Eudora would be left to die."

"But look at the clock! the hour of your daily visit to the prison is approaching, and I will not detain you any longer. Give my love to Eudora, and explain to her why I cannot come to her. Good-bye. Remember!"

And so saying, Annella seized and dropped his hand, and vanished from the room, leaving Montrose still under her spell.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Life! life! Oh, Heaven, for this!
To gaze again on God's bright sun,
To see the moss-marged streamlet run,
To feel the wind's soft kiss;
To meet loved eyes where pity glows,
To hear kind words to soothe her woes,
Life! life! Oh, bliss of bliss! MICHELL.

He remained for a few moments, sitting in silence where she had left him, and then rose with an effort to shake off her influence, murmuring to himself:

"What an incomprehensible creature! a mere girl, not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age, and yet planning, by her own unaided efforts, the rescue of a prisoner from the strong Abbeytown gaol! Is she mad or inspired? If inspired, is it by a good or an evil spirit?—an angel, or a devil! If I were a mystic, now, and believed in people being possessed, I should suppose that fragile, excited, half-frenzied girl, to be the medium and agent of some tremendous spirit acting through her. But whether she be mad, sane, or inspired, I will do what I promised, if it afford one chance in a million of saving Eudora. Oh, Eudora! Eudora! as the drowning catch at straws, I catch at this mad girl's unknown scheme to save you!"

He took up his hat and went out to walk to the prison.

He was immediately shown to the cell, where he found Eudora, as on the preceding day, reclining on the outside of the bed. Her little dog was coiled up contentedly by her side. Mrs. Barton was on guard. As Malcolm approached and took the little wasted hand she held out to him, he saw she was perceptibly paler, thinner, and feebler than on the day before.

This increasing weakness was evident not only in the emaciation of her face and form, but in the faint tones of her voice and the slow motions of her hands. As he noticed this, the heart of Montrose sank within him.

"And yet," he thought, "why should I grieve for her waning life? It is better, far better, that she should sink gently into death here—even here in her prison cell, where her soul might depart in peace and privacy—than live to be dragged forth. Oh, God! oh, God!"

He groaned and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out the image that arose before his mind's eye.

Eudora looked up at him uneasily, and with quick sympathy caught his mental vision. She could not have been paler than she had been before. But now her very lips blanched and quivered, and a spasm seized her throat and choked her utterance. This passed in a moment, and then she put up her hand and gently removed those of Malcolm, and looked in his face.

That face was convulsed with anguish; but with a mighty effort, he crushed down his emotions, seated himself by her side, took her hand, and held it in silence, as was often now his custom.

For a few moments neither trusted themselves to speak, but at length Eudora broke the silence by inquiring:

"Do you know why Annella has not been here these two days?"

"The officers of justice believe that her visits disturb you, dear," answered Malcolm, gently.

"Ah, I thought they would interdict her visits, poor child! She is so rash in her zeal for me. Do you know, Malcolm, that she even tried to bribe Mrs. Barton here to let her change clothes with me, so that I might escape in hers? Did she tell you?"

"No, she never told me that; but I know she would run any risk on earth for you, dearest, and so I am not surprised to hear it."

"I wonder if the attempt came to the ears of the officers, and if that was the reason why they stopped her visits?"

"No, miss—oh, no, because there was nobody to tell but me, and I never dropped a hint of it," Mrs. Barton hastened to say.

"No, that was not the reason, dear Eudora; it was because she was considered too young and flighty to do you any real good by her visits, which it was also feared might disturb you," said Malcolm.

"And shall I see her no more?"

"Oh, yes; she called at my lodgings this morning to tell me why she has not been to see you these two days, and to send you her love, with the assurance that she would come on Tuesday, having the sheriff's promise of permission to do so."

Eudora shivered, for she remembered that Tuesday was the last day of her allotted life, and knew that Annella's next visit would be also her last one.

The hour of grace sped quickly away, and Macolm arose to go. He stooped and pressed his farewell kiss upon Eudora's brow. He dared not trust himself to speak; he was thinking how swiftly the sands of her life were running out. But one more quiet visit, and then—the dreadful parting interview of Tuesday night—and then, unless the unknown scheme of Annella should succeed—as he did not dare to hope—death for Eudora, and endless despair for himself! So he pressed his parting kiss in silence on her bow, and turned away.

Mrs. Barton happened to be relieved of her guard by the entrance of the other warder, and she left the cell at the same moment with Mr. Montrose.

Malcolm beckoned her to his side, and as they walked down the lobby, he said:

"I wished to speak to you alone, Mrs. Barton, to ask you about your charge. She seems wonderfully composed for so young a girl in so awful a position. I fear that it is only assumed composure, for I see that she is sinking fast under her heavy misfortunes. Now, tell me, does she not put herself under great restraint when I am with her?"

"Well, sir, she certainly do seem much more composeder when you are here nor she do at any other time. I think, howsoever, that's partly because she do feel it to be a comfort and a support to her like to have you along with her; and partly because she do try to keep down her feelings for fear of hurting yours. Leastways, I know she don't give way to 'em as she does at other times," answered Mrs. Barton, thoughtfully.

"How is she at other times?" inquired Mr. Montrose, anxiously.

"Why, sir, wariable, wery much so indeed; for sometimes she will be quiet enough for hours and hours together; and then, maybe, something will happen to bring her doom afore her all on a suddint—and she'll scream, and clap her hands over her eyes, and fall to shaking as if she wer' tuk with an agur fit. And when that's over, she'll turn on her face, and not move nor speak for hours and hours more."

Malcolm groaned with anguish.

"And sometimes, sir—and that hurts my heart worse nor all the rest—when she will be lying quite calm, she'll put her finger and thumb around her throat and press it, and then quickly drop her hand and scream with terror, and fall into another shaking agur fit."

Another involuntary groan burst from the overcharged breast of Malcolm, while Mrs. Barton continued:

"But, lor, sir! what could you expect from such a mere child as she is, with such a fate afore her? Why, sir, I've been in service here this twenty year, and I've seen the most strongest and hardenest men as ever was have their hair turn grey with the thoughts of what was afore them, between the day of conviction and the day of execution. So what could you expect of a poor, tender girl, with the scaffold staring her in the face? I wonder she isn't dead already, for my part; and I am sure I think it would be a mercy and a blessing if she was."

"It would, indeed," muttered Malcolm.

"But there is one thing I dreads for her more nor all the rest—more even nor the last thing of all."

"And what is that?" inquired Malcolm, in a sinking voice.

"Why, sir, the reading o' the death-warrant to her; and it's my belief as the sheriff don't like the job himself, as he has put it off so long—and I doubt it'll be the death of her without any more trouble. Why, lor', sir, I've seen the dare-devilest ruffians, as you would think they'd go through fire and brimstone, and face Satan himself, blanch as white as a sheet at hearing of that read. Why, lor'! you see, sir, it do go into all the particulars, so cruel plain, telling all about how they are to be——"

"I know—I know!" hastily interrupted Malcolm, with sickening faintness stealing over him. "But, tell me, is this formality never in any case omitted?"

"I beg your pardon, sir——" said the perplexed wardress.

"Does not the sheriff sometimes fail to read the death-warrant to the condemned prisoner?"

"Not as ever I hear on, sir; no, I believe not. But sure you ought to be able to tell, sir."

"I know very little of these formalities," answered Malcolm.

They had by this time reached the lower hall, where their way divided.

Mrs. Barton curtesied, and turned off towards her own apartment; and Mr. Montrose, with breathless lungs, bursting heart, and burning brain, hurried out into the open air.

All that he had seen, heard and felt during this morning's visit to the prison confirmed him in his resolution to keep faith with Annella, and he immediately set about making all external arrangements for a possible rescue.

Annella might be mad; her unknown scheme might be vain, useless, dangerous, fatal. There might not be one chance in a million of its success; yet it was the only hope of rescue for Eudora, and as the despairing snatch at the very shadow of hope, he resolved to embrace it.

Good reason had the kind-hearted wardress to dread the ordeal to which Eudora's fortitude was soon to be subjected. Mrs. Barton had just gone into the cell to take her afternoon's turn at guarding the prisoner, when several footsteps were heard approaching, the door was unlocked, and the sheriff, attended by the gaoler, entered.

The manner of the sheriff was grave even to solemnity; that of the gaoler was very sorrowful.

Eudora hastily arose from her recumbent posture, and sat up, glancing in surprise and vague dread, but without the least suspicion of their errand, upon the intruders.

Mrs. Barton, who knew what was coming, got up and passed towards the door, crying:

"Let me go away, Mr. Anderson—please, sir, do! I can't stand it—indeed, sir, I can't!"

"Stay where you are, woman," answered the governor, in a low voice.

And Mrs. Barton, forced to obey, sank trembling into her seat.

"This is Mr. Rushton, the sheriff of the county, Miss Leaton, who has some business with you this afternoon," said the gaoler, in a faltering voice, as he presented the visitor.

Eudora arose, and slightly bowed in acknowledgment of the sheriff's presence, and then resumed her seat. But far from surmising the nature of his business with her, she flushed with a transient hope that the paper he carried in his hand might possibly be a commutation of her sentence—a respite, or even a pardon! While her face flushed and paled, her heart beat, and her pulses quickened with this hope, the sheriff slowly unfolded the document, and said:

"I have a necessary duty to perform, Miss Leaton, and must request you to give your attention to the reading of this paper."

Something in his manner banished Eudora's new hopes, and brought back her vague fears, and while she gazed with eyes dilated by terror, the sheriff commenced in a distinct voice, and read, with all its plain, clear, cruel details, the warrant for her execution.

But before the reading of the warrant that consigned her to a speedy, public, shameful, and violent death, was completed, Eudora's fortitude gave way, and with a piercing shriek she fell to the floor.

"There, I hope and trust, with all my heart and soul, as you've finished her and put her out of her misery now!" sobbed Mrs. Barton, as she hastened to raise Eudora.

The sheriff, having done his painful duty, retreated from the cell, attended by the gaoler, and leaving Eudora to the care of the wardress.

Mrs. Barton lifted the swooning girl, and laid her upon the bed, and applied such restoratives as she kept at hand for her recovery. It was a long time before the deadly swoon could be broken by the pungent stimulants that were used. But at length Eudora, with a shiver, opened her eyes. Alas! return to consciousness was only return to thought, to memory, and to agonizing terror. Sobs, shrieks, and spasms that could not be controlled, expressed the anguish, despair, and wild affright that shook her life and reason to their foundations.

Mrs. Barton did all that the most tender nurse or mother could have done for her relief. She voluntarily remained with her through the whole of the afternoon and the night; but her endeavors to ameliorate the sufferings of her charge were all in vain. And in the morning, finding Eudora still pallid, collapsed, and shuddering, upon the very verge of dissolution, Mrs. Barton, when relieved from her long watch, hastened to the office, and said to the gaoler:

"I doubt my prisoner is a-dying, sir; and though it might be a mercy to let her die and go out of her misery, yet mayhap it's our duty to send for the medical man."

The gaoler immediately arose, and beckoning the wardress to follow him, hastened to the condemned cell, and after gazing mournfully upon the stricken girl for a few minutes, he said:

"I will send for the doctor; but no one else, not even Mr. Montrose, must be permitted to see her while she is in this precarious state."

And calling a turnkey who happened to be passing, he dispatched him for the medical attendant of the prison. The messenger had scarcely departed when Malcolm Montrose was heard approaching, attended by another turnkey. The gaoler, who was on the watch, went out to turn him back. Meeting him, he took his arm, and walked him off to a distant part of the lobby, where he paused to say to the astonished and half-offended young man:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Montrose; I am very sorry to stop you, but the truth is, that ever since the death warrant was read to that poor young creature yesterday afternoon, her courage has entirely given way, and she has been in such a precarious state that I fear the least accession of excitement might prove instantly fatal to her; and under these circumstances I dare not admit anyone, even yourself, to her cell until after our doctor has seen her."

"But I have the sheriff's order," urged Malcolm.

"Still I beg that you will not press it, sir. It is for her sake only that I entreat you to refrain until the doctor has made his visit."

"I see the necessity of doing as you advise. But oh, Heaven! when, when will her long-drawn sufferings cease! It is but a few weeks since her arrest, yet since that day ages and ages of torture seem to have passed! Would to Heaven it were over for her!" exclaimed Malcolm, wildly.

"Try to compose yourself, Mr. Montrose. Come down to my room, and take something strong."

"I thank you, I require nothing; but with your consent I will go and sit in your office until I hear the doctor's report," answered Malcolm, accompanying the governor to the ward-room below, but refusing the refreshment that Mr. Anderson still pressed upon his acceptance.

Meanwhile Dr. Moss, the physician in ordinary to the prison, proceeded to the condemned cell.

Dr. Moss was a tall, fair-skinned, gray-haired old man, whom forty years' connection with the prison, and constant ministration to the worst forms of human suffering among the most desperate criminals of both sexes had not hardened, but rather softened; had not rendered harsh, obdurate and unfeeling, but rather tender, sympathetic, and compassionate.

He now entered Eudora's cell, and stood for a moment silently regarding her as she lay with her face turned down and hidden in the pillow, cold, pallid, collapsed, and shuddering.

Then beckoning Mrs. Barton to the door of the cell, he questioned her minutely as to the state of mind and frame that had preceded this asphyxia of the sufferer.

And the careful wardress described the girlish terrors of Eudora, and ended by saying:

"You can't expect a mere child like that to face quietly what makes the hardest men quail. Besides, doctor, we women cre'turs are ten thousand times worse afeard of being *hurt* nor we are of being killed. I'm pretty nigh sure as it isn't the fear of death as has brought her to this state, but the horror of the violent death as is always afore her."

The doctor having learned all that he wished to know for his own guidance in this case, returned to the cell, seated himself beside the sufferer, took her hand, and said, gently:

"Look up, poor child, and let me see your face. I can do you good, though you may not yet believe it."

The deep-toned, tender, sympathetic voice of the Christian physician fell like balm upon the bruised heart of the victim, and caused her to turn her wasted face and anguished eyes to meet the compassionate gaze and benignant countenance that was bent upon her in such deep commiseration.

"I can relieve your acute sufferings, Eudora. I can scatter all your terrors and give you ease," he repeated.

"Oh, can you change what is before me? Can you snatch me away from this doom, as you would rouse one up from a horrid nightmare? If you cannot do this you can do nothing for me!" she cried.

"I cannot change your fate, Eudora, but I can disarm it of its terrors," he answered, very gently.

She looked at him with a wild, incredulous gaze.

"The state of the mind depends so much upon the condition of the body, that I must bring your excited nervous system into some quietude before I can hope that you will listen to me with benefit," said the doctor, opening a small box and taking from it a minute lozenge, which he directed her to swallow.

Eudora obeyed, and the doctor sat watching the effect of the drug.

In a few moments the morphia had done its benign work, and soothed the agonized nervousness of the victim down to a state of serene repose, in which she could calmly contemplate her coming doom.

"You feel better now, my child," said Dr. Moss.

"Yes," she replied.

"And you can bear to speak of your position?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then, Eudora, I wish you to open your heart to me as to an old and experienced friend, who sympathizes with every phase of your sufferings, and can ameliorate them all. Tell me, now, what it was that filled your mind with such fear and horror as to overthrow your fortitude so completely. It was not fear of death, I know; for even children meet death unblenchingly. What was it, then? It will do you good to confess to me."

"You judge me rightly," said Eudora, as, calmed by the morphia, she now entered with perfect self-possession upon the dreaded subject. "It was not fear of death, for I should be happy if I could die quietly here in my bed. It was the manner of the death, the deep dishonor, and the mysterious, unknown, awful agony of that blindfolded, suffocating, helpless struggle with a violent death!"

"In a word, you dreaded excessive physical suffering."

"Oh, yes."

"My child, there will be no such suffering at all. The death you so much dreaded will be the easiest of all deaths."

She looked up at him with calm, incredulous wonder.

"Eudora, I speak the words of truth and soberness, as well as of science and experience," said the doctor, gravely.

"Ah, how do you know? How can any one know. I myself can only judge by this." Here she put her thumb and fingers towards her throat, but the doctor arrested her moving hand, and held it while he said:

"You must not do that—you will only frighten yourself with false terrors. An incomplete pressure like that is very distressing, a complete one is quite the reverse."

"Ah, how can we be sure of that?"

"By the light of science, which shows us that the instantaneous congestion of the brain consequent upon such a pressure prevents all suffering. So, my child, dismiss all dread of pain, you will not have to bear it."

"I do not know. No one has ever come back from that dread mystery to tell us what it was."

"Yes, but there has. There are several authentic instances on record of individuals who have been resuscitated after execution, and who have all agreed in testifying that the manner of death was easy, thus demonstrating the theory of science in that respect. But if you want farther confirmation, Eudora, you can have it in my own professional experience."

"Yours!" exclaimed Eudora, in quiet incredulity.

"Yes; I resuscitated a man who had, in a fit of despair, attempted to destroy himself in that very manner. He was found by his friends suspended from a tree in a grove, and when taken down was quite insensible, and apparently quite dead. But the vital spark had not fled, for when I was called to him, and took proper means to restore him to consciousness, I succeeded. He was very penitent for having, in a fit of despondency, tried to rush unbidden into the presence of his God. But what made his case most interesting to me as a medical man was his description of his sensations while undergoing that process. He described them as being without the least degree of suffering, and as resembling the effects produced by the first inhalations of chloroform, until, like one under the full influence of that drug, he lapsed into insensibility, and knew no more until his resuscitation; and now I hope you will believe me, and dismiss your fears of suffering."

"Oh, yes; I suppose I was a sad coward to dread torture so much."

"All women do, Eudora. It is their nature; their tender, delicate, sensitive organizations shrink from torture. But now, what other feature is there in this fate that so distressed you, for the dread of physical agony was not all?"

"Oh, no, for there was the sense of deep dishonor."

"Yet you say that you are innocent?"

"I am weary of repeating that to incredulous ears, and yet God knows that I am innocent."

"Then trust in God to redeem your name from all lasting reproach, as your Christian faith teaches you to believe that He will; and consider also, dear child, that when, in a few more hours, you shall stand in the presence of that Divine Judge who knows your innocence, the opinion of the world you have left behind will be as nothing to your released and happy spirit. Should not such thoughts console you?"

"Oh, yes, they should, indeed. Oh! sir, you have given me comfort—such comfort as I could not have believed in before you came to me. I could not have imagined that any earthly power could have lifted me from the pit of black despair in which I seemed to have fallen. Heaven bless you, Doctor, for the help you have given me," said Eudora, holding out her hand to the kind physician, who pressed and released it as he said:

"Now you must have another lozenge to put you to sleep. Take this little one, and compose yourself to rest, and when you awake I will see you again."

And thus having ministered to the mental and physical necessities of the sufferer, this good physician of the soul and body took his leave of the patient.

Beckoning Mrs. Barton outside the door, he enjoined her to keep everything quiet in and about the cell, as the reason, and even life of the prisoner depended upon her getting an undisturbed rest.

Then he went down to the lower hall, where his approach was anxiously watched for by Malcolm Montrose, who hastened out of the ward-room, eagerly inquiring:

"How is your patient, Doctor? Can I be permitted to see her?"

"She is better, and is composing herself to sleep, but you cannot see her, as she must not be disturbed to-day," answered the physician, kindly.

"And there will be but one more meeting between us—the parting interview of to-morrow," exclaimed Malcolm, in the extremity of mental anguish, as he left the prison.

He was seized with a burning anxiety to see Annella Wilder, but did not know where to find, or how to communicate with that eccentric girl. He therefore passed the remainder of the day in making the promised arrangements for the almost inconceivable possibility of Eudora's escape.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

START YOUR CHILDREN RIGHT.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought, therefore, to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notions of justice and honor, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects. When these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will, however, prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion, therefore, (were we to consider it no further than as it interposes in the affairs of this life,) is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to plan his part and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, and in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, correct love and elegant desire.

* * *

Delicacy of Feeling.—The best parts of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutiæ of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures: but I have known the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent possess these gentle qualities; the braggart, the weak, never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

I was a young man when I was employed by an extensive English mining company, as an agent to look after their interests in Cerro Pasco, in Peru, and the metaliferous region of Potosi, in Bolivia.

In this responsible office I spent a number of years, and my presence being required at intervals at each of the *minas*, made it necessary for me to be almost continually on horseback, when my paths invariably led me over the wildest and most dangerous passes of the Andes.

On one of my long and wearisome journies, while toiling over the mountain paths between the departments of Lapaz and Oruro, we had been forced to make so many delays, on account of storms, that I was fearful I should have to make a failure of meeting the commissioners with whom I had made an appointment at one of the *minas*. It was necessary, therefore, that I should travel over the most expeditious routes to reach the place in time for the meeting. Vital interests of the company were dependent upon my punctual arrival at the place.

We were just preparing to leave one of our sheltered bivouacs, after a storm of unusual continuance, when I called Antonio, my head peon, to me, and inquired if he knew of no shorter path to Oruro than the one we were on.

"*Si, señor!*" he answered. "There is the trail by the pass of Chotlza, which would lessen our journey two days. It is a wild rout, but seldom traveled in these days, but in the times of the Incas, I have heard it was the great thoroughfare of the Cordilleras."

"Very well, Antonio," said I; "time is precious with me just now, and we must e'en try the Inca road, so let us mount and away."

We had ridden along through a rugged and narrow valley, on each side of which the broken rocks towered in confused masses, for something like two hours, when Antonio, who was in the advance, checked his mule to await my coming up.

As I joined him, he pointed to a narrow defile on the left of our path, which led upward through what had evidently been an artificial passage through the cliff, for the rocks were arched overhead, and but for the sunlight that struggled down its rudely cut sides, beyond the opening, I should have taken it for the entrance to some vast caverns of the mountains.

"There, Señor, is *la puerta el Chutlza*, and through it lays our shortest route to Oruro, if you still desire to venture upon it."

I must admit that the wild gorge the man had called my attention to had anything but an inviting aspect, but two days were of too much value to my employers to allow me to change my resolution now, and I ordered him to lead the way through the gloomy portal. I followed close behind him, while the cargo mules and the peons brought up the rear. In this manner we proceeded up the broken path, which, to judge by its appearance, had not been traveled over before for more than a twelvemonth.

In many places we passed over deep gullies, which had been formed by the melting of the peaks for ages. These dark ravines, in the unseen bottoms of which the ear could detect the muffled roar of rushing waters, had been skillfully bridged over by the ancient engineers of the road, and in most instances the cement was stronger than the rock itself, and the works were still as sound as the day they were completed. Then our path led up galleries cut along the face of the precipitous rock, where the ascent was by means of steps rising above each other at regular intervals, like those of a stairway, but which the frosts and rains of centuries had deprived of the sharp angles the workmen had left upon them.

My noble little Choco, placing his feet firmly in the tracks made by Antonio's mule, kept close in his rear, and trod this ladder-like road with as much confidence as he would have felt if galloping through the grassy valleys, thousands of yards below us.

It was truly a wild road, and none but South American muleteers would ever have thought of venturing upon it. As we clambered along deep, tunnel-like excavations, and upon the edge of dizzy precipices, I experienced sensations of dread and foreboding which I had never felt before, when journeying among the loftiest passes of the Andes, and most gladly would I have forfeited the promised meeting with the commissioners, fraught as it would be with interests of the weightiest importance to all concerned, to have been once more safely upon the more frequently traveled mule-path we had left below us. But such was the nature of our path, there was no turning back. We had but one alternative, that of urging our animals upward and onward.

If such were my feelings, while toiling up this terrible and dangerous ascent, what were they when, on gaining the crest of the mountains, and turning a sudden angle, I found myself upon a narrow ledge of rock, which overhung an awful precipice, stretching down, down, thousands of feet, to the very centre of the earth! Such, in fact, it appeared to my startled imagination.

What the distance really was no human eye had ever measured, for, pure as the atmosphere in these elevated regions usually is, a thick mist seemed eternally to shut from the sight of the keenest organs the frightful mysteries of that awful abyss.

To add to the horrors of this pass, the engineers, as if in a spirit of reckless daring, instead of carrying the narrow footpath over the very top of the mountain, had, with immense labor and hardihood, cut their way along the face of this frightful cliff. It was scarcely two feet in width, and the least trip or mistep of our animals would have hurled us into the interminable depths below.

Antonio, still in advance, urged his well-trained mule cautiously along this narrow footway; and the intelligent animal, accustomed to the precarious footing of the mountain passes, stepped confidently upon the storm-beaten ledge.

Fortunately for us, although the mountain air was excessively cold, there was but little breeze. Had there been a strong wind, it would have been impossible for us to have kept our feet beneath us—we must have been blown from the smoothly hewn face of the rock.

We proceeded along this frightful portion of our rout in the same order we first entered the narrow defile—I immediately behind Antonio, and the pack mules and peons bringing up the rear.

I think we must have crept along the dreadful cliff thus, like flies upon the ceiling, for something like a thousand yards, when the head peon, as if for my especial encouragement, shouted:

"*Bueno*, Don Tomas—a hundred yards more, and we strike into the descending barranca!" Then checking himself a moment, while he gazed with a startled expression upon the spot his mule was stepping over with evident alarm, he continued: "Now, Señor, have a care; I don't like the looks of that crack in the rock here!"

Neither, indeed, did I; for as I reached the spot, I perceived, to my dismay, that the disintegrating action of rain and frost had formed a deep seam, which momently threatened to detach that entire portion of the path from the mountain. We, however, passed over it in safety. But the rock, which was firm to the light tread of Antonio's mule, trembled fearfully beneath the heavier tread of my Choco, and to my horror I could see that the crevass had increased in width.

I shuddered for the safety of the peons and their animals following immediately behind me, and partly turned in my saddle to watch their passage over the threatening spot.

At that instant Antonio, who had turned a slight curve of the rock, uttered an exclamation of horror; and as I recovered my position to look again in his direction, a startled, wild cry of despairing anguish—a scream of mingled voices of men and mules, but the most fearful that ever broke upon mortal ears—reached me from behind. The unearthly voices died instantly away in the distance beneath me, and before I could look again, mules and peons had disappeared! and where I had last seen them nothing but a thin cloud of dust, and the smooth, trackless face of the cliff met my eye! The mass of rock, already loosened by the weight and motion of our animals over it, yielded to the added weight of the four mules and the poor fellows in charge of them, and all together were hurled, headlong, thousands of fathoms into the yawning abyss below!

Horror struck at the terrible fate of my companions—a fate that any moment might be mine—I clung convulsively to the mane of my trembling horse, as, with head and ears erect, he seemed to be aware, as if instinctively, of still greater dangers ahead.

Advancing a few paces further, I turned the obtuse angle of the cliff, around which I had seen Antonio disappear, and from whence I had heard his exclamation of alarm. He had halted, while his mule, usually the most courageous animal I had ever known, seemed ready to sink with excessive fright. With neck stretched forward, and her long, pointed ears on a line with her head and neck, and her red nostrils stretched to their greatest capacity, she presented the most expressive picture of alarm I had ever seen. Her rider, as brave a fellow as ever faced the thousand dangers of the Cordilleras, now seemed utterly unnerved with fear. With pallid, shrunken features, and eyes almost bursting from their sockets, and speechless with terror, he awaited my approach; and as I reached him, stretched forth his trembling arm, and pointed directly before him. What a fearful, sickening sight was that my eyes fell upon! The ledge had been cloven from the face of the rock, and for the space of twenty feet nothing but the smooth, almost polished surface of the cliff showed where the path *had been!*

For a while I gazed spell-bound upon the crumbling cliff, and it was some minutes before I could realize the horrors of our situation. In front and rear, all hope of escape was cut off. We were prisoners upon this terrible spot, and beyond the reach of all human help. Death stared us in the face—for to advance or retreat seemed equally impossible!

Antonio was the first to recover presence of mind enough to speak, and calling to me he proposed that we should throw ourselves into the abyss, and join our poor, lost companions, whose fate, he insisted, had been even less painful than our own.

The voice of the peon recalled me to myself; and remembering the many trying circumstances in which I had before been placed, and from which a kind Providence had rescued me, I gained courage, and replied:

"Nay, nay, not yet, my good Antonio. Dismount, and if possible I will join you, when we may consult together. Who knows but that we may be relieved even from this peril."

I said this with an attempt at cheerfulness in my tones, though God above knows my thoughts belied my manner.

I slipped over the cruper of my trembling Choco, and pushing my way between his feet, reached the spot where had alighted my companion. We now crept in the same way beneath Antonio's mule, and stood upon the extremity of the path, and peered down into the bottomless gulf.

As if directed by some good angel of mercy, my eyes, in resting from the survey of the gaping, mist-enveloped depths, fell upon the freshly fractured rock; and frightful as was our situation, my thoughts reverted to the early period when the subjects of the "Children of the Sun" hewed this airy pathway along the face of the mountain, and it occurred to me that what had been done might again be attempted by us. And with the aid of our knives and good machettas, we might yet pass safely over the terrible spot, and reach the unbroken path beyond.

No sooner was the thought conceived than I essayed the character of the rock with the point of my belt-knife. To my delight I found it of so soft a nature as to be easily cut.

I communicated my discovery to Antonio, who, leaning hopelessly against the cliff, was engaged in invoking all the saints for the succor he looked not for.

"No, no, Don Tomas!" he answered, gloomily. "We must die here! There is no help for us!"

"Tut, tut, my good fellow," said I. "See here!" and with a few blows of my heavy knife I cut a notch in the smooth rock large enough for the lodgment of my foot, and another on a level with my face to hold by, as I swung myself clear from the extremity of the path.

"See here, Antonio! A dozen such notches, and we are safe!" said I, with all the cheerfulness in my voice I could command.

Encouraged by my words, the peon joined me in the work; and relieving each other at intervals, we succeeded, after several hours of excessive labor, in bridging over in this manner the frightful gulf of twenty feet, and passed unharmed to the firm pathway upon the farther side.

All this time our faithful animals stood motionless watching our efforts with evident interest, and as we reached the other side attempted to follow. But the distance was too great for them to venture; and with loud neighs and outstretched necks, they gazed after us as, with tears, we left them to the terrible fate we knew awaited them—either that of starvation, a leap into the fathomless gulf below, or to be devoured by piecemeal by the voracious condors, whose horrid screams we could already hear gathering to the fatal spot.

We never knew with certainty by which death the poor creatures were relieved of their sufferings. But Antonio assured me that they soon fell a prey to those huge vultures that breed only among the inaccessible peaks of the Andes.

After suffering much from cold, fatigue and hunger, we reached the valley, where, obtaining horses, we pursued our journey, and three days after this terrible adventure arrived at the *minas* in time to meet the commissioners of the company.

It is only necessary to add that Antonio and I were the last human beings who traversed the once famous Inca Pass of El Chotlza, and after that event I invariably chose the well known and more frequently travelled mule-paths in my passages of the Cordilleras.

* * *

The Double Advantage.—Every time you avoid doing wrong, you increase your inclination to do that which is right.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

She was my nurseling, sir. But truth to say,
I loved her like my own. A sweeter babe
Ne'er oped its eyes to gaze upon the face
Of wrinkled Time. With the pure stream of life
She drew my heart's love, too. OLD PLAY.

It requires a nicely-balanced mind to judge humanity rightly. The worldly allow too much for the weaknesses and vices of our nature; the rigidly virtuous, too little. Neither take into account the affections, tender memories, and sympathies—the grace and ornament of life—but fall into one common error.

These reflections have been induced by the firmness with which the old nurse, Ann Betts, refused to give any information to her cruel gaolers respecting the marriage certificate of Clara's parents. The faithful creature had but a confused idea of its importance, but her dying mistress had told her to guard it; she had promised to do so, and kept her word most strictly. She also remembered the children she had nurtured; it might prove of value to them, and although years had passed since she either saw or heard from them, her fidelity was not to be shaken.

Pry and his wife had examined over and over again the contents of the bundle their prisoner had brought with her from Shoreditch Workhouse. Not a seam in her stays and scanty garments but had been unripped, but no trace of the lost document could be found.

The precious couple were talking over the affair one evening in the presence of their son, who evinced even a greater anxiety than his parents to obtain possession of the paper.

"It would be worth a thousand pounds to us at least," observed his father, "as I could use it."

"A fortune," said his wife. "And only think of being robbed of it by the obstinacy of the old fool upstairs."

"It's not her obstinacy," said her son Matthew, in a tone which indicated but slight respect for the authors of his being.

"What is it, then?" demanded Pry.

"Your weakness," replied the young man. "If I had the dealing with her, I'd make her tell what she has done with it."

"How?" inquired the woman, eagerly.

"Hush! don't ask him," interrupted her husband; "besides, you know his project well enough, and only want to give him an opportunity of talking it over again; but I won't hear of it. I dare not! Mat has the heart of a tiger!"

"And you of a chicken, father," replied the son.

"It would be murder."

"Bah!" ejaculated the younger ruffian; "we could always stop in time to prevent that. I have no more idea of running my neck into a noose than you have. Hunger, they say, will turn anything. I once tried it on a dog," he added, "and it answered well enough."

"The boy is right," said Mrs. Pry; "we could always stop in time. There is a fortune within our reach, and you are afraid to grasp it. Just like you. You never would exert yourself as you ought to have done for the advantage of the family."

When women once give themselves to evil, there exist but few barriers they are not capable of breaking down. The fall from the virtues of their own sex to the worst vices of ours is rapid in the extreme.

"It would not do, wife; I tell you it would not do," muttered her husband.

"Not do? When Mr. Parfit has offered you a thousand pounds for the certificate!" exclaimed his better half, indignantly.

"Father would never be such a fool as to let him have it for that," observed Mat. "If I had it, I'd make five of it; or, at any rate, enough to keep me at my ease for the rest of my days."

"How would you make it?"

"That's my secret, father."

"You are very clever, no doubt!"

"Clever enough," replied the young ruffian, "not to have thousands in my hand and lose them for want of pluck to close my fingers."

Pry continued silently meditating for some minutes on the suggestion his son had thrown out of making enough to live upon in the event of his obtaining the marriage certificate. He knew that it would be hopeless to attempt wringing such a sum from Mr. Parfit; the old money-lender would rather die than part with it.

Another idea struck him.

"Mat!" he said.

"Yes, father."

"Did you relate all the conversation you overheard between Colonel Mordaunt and my master?"

His son smiled.

"I thought not."

"Well, father, I did not."

"And I to have been such fool as to give you five guineas. Mat—Mat! what do you expect will become of you if you rob and deceive your own father?"

This reproach, which was poetically uttered, appeared to affect his hopeful offspring but very little; he rather chuckled at the idea of having outwitted the old one.

"Aye! aye!" said the mother, "leave the boy alone, his head is screwed on the right way—he has no ridiculous squeamishness about an old fool who ought to make our fortune, and will not. I hate obstinacy."

Thus doubly assailed, and lured on by the bait of obtaining a competency—a thing he was very far from possessing—the resolution of Mr. Pry gave way, and he at last consented to try what a little starvation might effect upon the prisoner.

Before the final word was spoken he proposed that they should visit the poor old nurse together, and make a last attempt to shake her firmness.

Ann Betts, as our readers may suppose from her position in life, was anything but highly educated, but she possessed what books, perhaps, could not have given her—discernment, and no inconsiderable skill in reading character; poverty and the workhouse had taught her severe and useful lessons. Had she possessed the certificate they were so anxious to obtain, affection for her foster children, to say nothing of principle, would have induced her to do her best to keep it from them. In her position honesty became prudence; her life, she shrewdly argued, would be of little value after her tormentors had once obtained the object of their cupidity.

Hitherto, her food, although of the coarsest kind, had been unstinted in quantity, and she was used to hard living.

A feeling of sickness crept over her, amounting almost to terror, when she saw the three wretches enter her prison chamber.

"What do you want?" she exclaimed. "I have told you already that I have not the thing you seek. There is not a rag belonging to me but you have examined over and over again. You will gain nothing by keeping me here."

"It is your own fault," observed Mrs. Pry.

"You have only to act reasonably to be free," added her husband.

"Give it up at once," said the son.

"I haven't got it; search again if you please."

"But you know where it is, or who has it," observed the young ruffian, "and that will answer our purpose quite as well. Why be so obstinate? why force us to treat you as an enemy?"

"Enemy!" repeated Ann Betts, "I never injured you."

"Not when you deprive us of the opportunity of making——"

"Silence, mother!" interrupted the son. "You are too simple and straightforward to talk to her. Leave her to me. Look you," he continued, grasping the feeble creature by the wrist, and forcing her into a chair, "we know that your mistress brought the certificate of her marriage with her when she quitted India."

"Possibly she brought many things that I knew nothing about," replied the nurse.

"What became of it when she died?"

"Lost, most likely. Those who wrote for me—for I can't write myself—played me false, and kept back my master's letters. I never received one. Everything my dear lady left was parted with to support the children and myself."

"A piece of paper would not fetch much," observed Mr. Pry.

"Then why are you so anxious to obtain it?" demanded the prisoner, sharply. "You don't run the risk you are running for the pleasure of tormenting a poor, friendless old creature like myself. I am not book-learnt," she added; "but you can't make me believe that."

"There is an advantage to be made of it," said Mat.

"I knew there was!" exclaimed Ann Betts, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"Which you shall share in if you like to give it up."

"I haven't it."

"Or tell us where it is," added the son.

"I don't know."

"And those are your last words?"

"My very last," answered the woman, resolutely.

"You deserve that I should make them so," exclaimed the young ruffian; "but you haven't heard ours yet. You never quit this place alive till we have obtained it. A crust of bread and a glass of water shall be your daily allowance of food."

"Would you starve me?" demanded the horror-stricken nurse.

"*All but!*" was the brutal reply.

"Then Heaven have mercy on me!"

"Have mercy upon yourself, and act like a reasonable woman," observed Mrs. Pry. "It will not be our fault, but your obstinacy, if you die."

"Wretches!" said their prisoner, roused to indignation by the cool insolence, even more than the brutality of her persecutors, "were you to tear me limb from limb, I would not give it up, or point a finger to guide you where to find it.

"But it is not in my power," she added.

At this last assertion Mat broke into a loud laugh.

"Aye, laugh!" exclaimed the helpless creature; "laugh at my terrors and my sufferings; you will not feel so merry on the gallows."

At this allusion to the possible result of their iniquitous scheme, the countenances of all three fell, and the laugh of Mat Pry was changed to a scowl. His father looked shaken with fear.

"It's all very well to frighten her, if he can, into a confession," he whispered to his wife; "but we must not let the boy carry the thing too far, you know."

Mother and son both sneered at him for a chicken-hearted fool, and partly by threats, partly by persuasion, they led him from the room, the door of which they locked carefully after them.

As the sound of the bolt shooting into the socket fell upon the ear of Ann Betts, an indescribable feeling of loneliness came over her. The poor-house had been cheerless enough, but there she had companions in poverty and suffering; the little interests, quarrels, and cabals of the female paupers to distract her attention from present misery; the curse of solitude—an awful one to some minds—was not upon her; she formed one of a number, and that number constituted a little world to her.

The garret in which her captors held her prisoner was but little calculated to inspire pleasant thoughts; the only articles of furniture contained in it consisted of a wretched pallet in one corner of the room, a table, and a broken chair. The window, which had been strongly barred, looked upon the roof, which was sufficiently high to block out all view of the street.

"They say Providence helps the widow and the aged," she murmured to herself. "I trust it is so, for never have I been in greater need."

The poor creature thought of her early days—the mistress who had been so kind to her—the husband, whose bones lay bleaching on one of the countless battle-fields of India—the children she had borne to him, and those she had been a second mother to.

As these recollections flitted through her wearied brain, like dim shadows of the past, tears trickled down her withered cheeks.

"A crust and water daily," she repeated. "They mean to starve me. I suppose they think it the best way of getting rid of me. It won't take long to do. But I will disappoint them to the last," she added, in a tone of dogged resolution. "My dear mistress shall not reproach me in the next world with having betrayed the trust she placed in me, and sold the birthright of the infants I nurtured at my breast. The wretches little imagine how near their hands have been to the object of their search, but Heaven, perhaps, watched over it.

"I dare say I shall carry it with me to the grave," she resumed, after a few moments' reflection; "but better there than in their grasp."

The poor creature had neither light nor fire in her miserable chamber, and the night was an intensely cold one; the wind howled with a low, wailing sound, like a human voice in agony, round the gables of the house. Thoroughly chilled, she crept to her pallet, and covering herself, dressed as she was, with the scanty clothes, endeavored to forget her sorrows in sleep.

But sleep came not; she lay wakeful and watchful for hours, listening to every sound, stretching the sense of hearing to catch the voiceless murmurs that come to us in solitude and darkness.

Once or twice she muttered to herself, "The workhouse was better than this!"

When Pry made his appearance at his office the following morning, his employer regarded him anxiously. Day after day he had waited in expectation of hearing of his success. Patience, like everything else, comes to an end at last, and he proceeded to question him respecting his prisoner.

"Does the old fool still hold out?" he demanded.

"More obstinately than ever, sir."

Mr. Parfit curled his lip contemptuously.

"I and my wife have done all we can," added the clerk.

"*All!*" repeated the money-lender, with a peculiar emphasis upon the word.

"All, sir. That is to say all that would be *safe* to try. She has had hard fare, and neither fire nor light. She declares that she knows nothing about the certificate."

"And you believe her?"

"Almost."

"I do not," exclaimed the hypocrite; "I feel certain that she has it."

"It must be hidden in her heart then," exclaimed Pry; "not a rag belonging to her but has been ripped and ransacked."

"At least she knows where it is concealed," added his master.

"That may be. But we can't get the secret out of her."

"The thousand pounds I have promised you is a very large sum," observed Mr. Parfit; "to a man in your position an independence."

"Don't you think I should like to earn it?" demanded the confidential clerk, bluntly.

"Well, well, perhaps you would!"

"And have done my best?"

"Mr. Pry," replied his employer, blandly, "had you done your best you must have succeeded; for, as I said before, I feel convinced she has the paper, or can tell where it may be found."

"What else can I do?"

"It is not for me to suggest the means by which you are to obtain the money; I am to pay it when the thing is accomplished. Still I should think—but there you know best—a little gentle pressure, nothing violent, that is to say, *very violent*. Pity you are so squeamish."

"Shall I tell him of Mat's plan," thought his agent.

"A thousand pounds!" ejaculated Mr. Parfit; "ten years' salary—I say no more."

Here the conversation dropped; but the impression upon the mind of the clerk remained. He came to the conclusion that his son and wife were right. During the rest of the day, the idea of the sum, and the many things he could do with it, haunted him. He could think of nothing else; and his meditations were still of a thousand pounds as he walked home in the evening. Within a few yards of his cottage a number of boys were ranged in a circle, playing at ball, throwing it rapidly from hand to hand, to keep themselves warm. Neither the clerk nor his family were very great favorites in the neighborhood, and one of the lads contrived—as if accidentally—to knock off his hat with the ball.

Pry collared him and shook him soundly.

"Couldn't help it," said the offender.

"Impudent young rascal!"

"Please give us the ball!" exclaimed a chorus of juvenile voices.

"No!"

"Why, it aint yours."

"No matter."

"You won't keep it?"

"I will teach you to be more careful in future," said Mr. Pry; "the game is a dangerous one, and ought not to be permitted."

So saying, he threw the ball which he had picked up upon the roof of his own house.

It was well that he made his escape quickly, for the lads were thoroughly enraged, and a shower of snow-balls rattled against the door of his domicile as he closed it.

"The spiteful old scamp!" muttered one of the players. "He never likes to see any one happy."

"His son Mat is no better," exclaimed a second.

"And his wife worse than they are," observed a third; "but abusing them won't get back our ball."

"It was my fault," said Peter Flatman, the lad who had occasioned the loss, "and I'll get it back again."

"How?"

"Mother's house joins his. I saw where it fell. I've often been nesting on the roof—we'll have it again by to-morrow night."

With this promise the speakers separated. Could Mr. Pry have foreseen the result of his ill-natured action, he would rather have thrust his fingers into the fire than have thrown the ball where he did.

True it is there is fate in all things.

Mat's scheme for breaking the resolution of Ann Betts had been acted upon by his unscrupulous mother. A crust of bread and a glass of water were all the nourishment the poor creature had tasted for four-and-twenty hours. No wonder that she felt faint and exhausted on such fare.

Some natures appear to take a fiend-like pleasure in inflicting pain upon their fellow-creatures. Where cowardice has prevented or opportunity been wanting to indulge in this cruel propensity, we have known them exercise it upon the brute creation.

If Mrs. Pry was not afflicted with this morbid passion, she was cursed with something dangerously akin to it—a profound indifference to the sufferings of others. The appeal of the aged woman to her pity had been met with threats of still harder usage, and reproaches for her obstinacy.

"I'll make you speak," she observed in a harsh voice, as she quitted the chamber, on the night of her husband's adventure with the boys; "you don't know what hunger is yet—wait, only wait—it's a sharp teacher."

"God help me!" exclaimed Ann Betts, clasping her hands despairingly, "and take me soon. I trust He will not let me suffer very long. I am in His hands, and, poor and ignorant as I am, His eye is upon me."

With this pious reflection, the prisoner crept back to her wretched pallet, to pass another night of loneliness and misery.

As the female fiend who guarded her observed, hunger is a sharp teacher. Long before daybreak the captive was awake, and pacing the limited space of her prison with rapid steps to keep her chilled blood in circulation; at one moment yielding to bitter despondency, the next consoling herself and gathering fortitude from prayer.

Whilst thus occupied, the light became suddenly obscured, as if a shutter had been partially closed—she looked up and found a boy upon the roof of the house, searching amongst the snow as if for something he had lost. It was Peter Flatman looking for his ball.

To rush to the window and call him were the act and impulse of an instant. The lad turned, approached his face to the bars, and regarded her with mingled fear and curiosity.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am a prisoner, starving—they have given me nothing but a crust of bread and a glass of water since yesterday."

"Lor! what Mr. Pry?"

"Yes, I believe that is the name of the wretch who brought me here. Have pity on me," added the aged woman; "send some one to my assistance. God will reward you, if man does not."

"Well, he is a bad 'un," exclaimed the boy. "Here, take these."

He thrust a piece of bread-and-butter which he had not had time to eat over night, but kept in his pocket for the morning, into her hands, and a penny-piece that his schoolmaster had given him.

Ann Betts refused the coin, but devoured the bread-and-butter eagerly.

"And so old Pry keeps you here?" said Peter.

"Yes."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing to injure him," replied the prisoner. "He deluded me from a place where I was at least provided with the necessaries of life, and brought me here in the hope of wringing from me, by terror and starvation, the proof of my mistress's marriage. Can you recollect what I have told you?"

The boy gave an intelligent nod.

"And will you send some one to my assistance?"

"I'll tell mother what you say," replied Peter Flatman; "she can't abide Mrs. Pry; and when father comes home to-night, I'll ask him to come and see you. Most likely he'll thrash me," he added, "for clambering over the roof; he threatened it the last time he caught me; but I don't mind that. I must go now."

"Do not fail me," exclaimed the aged woman, imploringly; "think if your own mother were treated as I am by these wretches——"

"I'd like to catch 'em at it," muttered the lad.

"What would you feel! Have pity on me! promise to send assistance."

"Don't talk so, I can't bear to hear it."

"I shall be murdered if you fail me," added the prisoner, solemnly, "and when you are a man you will regret not having saved the gray-haired, aged woman, whose last hope was placed in you."

"I'll do it," said the boy, firmly, "if father gave me a dozen thrashings for coming on the roof, and I have to go to the justice and speak myself. Good-bye, mind I'll do it. Here is an apple for you," he added, pulling one from his pocket, and thrusting it between the bars. "You needn't say I gave you that. Mother doesn't know I took it."

"Providence has not forsaken me," murmured Ann Betts, as the speaker disappeared from the window. "Lord, forgive me, if I murmured at Thy will!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Is not the word knave traced in his face
By Nature's cunning hand? Heed not my words,
But believe her writing. 'Tis the only pen
That never yet deceived. OLD PLAY.

Tom Mayfield and our hero entered Leghorn only twenty-four hours before the Amazon arrived in port. Their first care was to ascertain that the brig had not yet made its appearance; their next, to deliver a letter of introduction to Signor Benetti, which the father of Bianca had given them.

They had little or no trouble in discovering his address, for he was one of the wealthiest merchants in the place, and having the reputation of being well affected towards the Government—a rare thing even in those days—enjoyed no little influence with the authorities.

They found the signor in his counting-house, a grave looking man apparently about sixty years of age. There was something in his features which reminded both the young men of the picture-dealer.

He read the letter attentively, folded it, and placed it in his pocket-book before making either reply or observation, or even bidding them welcome.

The lover of Clara mentally accused him of indifference, whilst, on the contrary, he was reflecting on the best manner of serving them.

"It is a strange tale my—hem—my friend has written me; you must place yourselves entirely in my hands.

"Are you prepared to do so?" he added.

"Most certainly," replied Harold, "we were told to trust you implicitly."

"By whom? The writer of the letter?"

"His daughter," replied the young man, blushing slightly.

"I will endeavor not to disappoint her confidence in me," observed the signor with a smile; "I have never seen the lady," he added, but she writes to me occasionally upon business for her father. She is rather clever, I should say, judging from her letter."

"One of the most gifted of Heaven's creatures, sir."

"And beautiful?"

"As her own mind," answered her lover.

The merchant appeared pleased with the reply, and to his surprise and the impatience of Tom, asked several more questions respecting his fair correspondent, in whom he evidently took more than ordinary interest.

"You will take up your abode with me," said he, resuming his business tone. "You will find my house a more secure residence than an hotel; one of my clerks will conduct you. You need not thank me," he added, "or hesitate to accept my civilities; I am only too happy in being able to offer hospitality to any friends of Mazetti's; after 'Change I will seek you and accompany you to the authorities."

The most graceful thanks for a kindness thus cordially offered was the frank acceptance of it; this the travellers understood, and followed the clerk to the house of their employer, one of the best mansions on the Via Grande.

"One word," said Signor Benetti, as they were about to quit the counting-house, "have you mentioned to any one the nature of your business in Leghorn?"

"But to yourself."

"That is fortunate; observe the same caution still!"

The question and the caution were both uttered in English, which, to their surprise, the two friends discovered the merchant spoke with an accent nearly as perfect as their own.

The first thing that struck Harold Mansell on entering the hospitable abode of Signor Benetti was a full-length portrait of Bianca, exquisitely painted, hanging in the *salon.** There was no possibility of mistaking the person for whom it was intended—the likeness was too perfect. Her lover was gazing upon it when his host arrived.

"You recognized it, I presume?" said the merchant.

"Heart and memory would have been treacherous indeed, had I failed to do so," replied our hero; "but what a singular position the artist has represented her in."

"A caprice!" ejaculated the signor.

"Whose bust is she withdrawing that sable curl from?"

"A caprice!" repeated the owner of the house, emphatically; "who shall attempt to explain a young girl's fancies? If you feel curious upon the subject," he added, "you can ask her the meaning when you see her."

There was something in the tone more than the words of the speaker, which prevented Harold from asking any further questions.

There were few if any of the commercial towns of Italy which, at the period we are writing of had not suffered from forgeries upon the Bank of Lombardy, whose notes, by convention with the petty states, Austria had succeeded in imposing as the general medium of exchange. The metallic currency varied too much, and was too debased for foreign merchants to accept. So well had the forged notes been executed, that many persons believed them to be genuine, and gave the Bank the credit or rather discredit of refusing them, in order to avoid the payment of their just obligations.

So prevalent was this opinion that the authorities throughout the country were most anxious to detect and punish the guilty parties, as a means of clearing their own reputation. No wonder, therefore, that the chief of the police listened to the statement of Harold and his friend with considerable interest and courtesy.

"To whom is the Amazon consigned?" demanded the much-dreaded functionary.

"Grant and Company."

The great man looked rather blank at this intelligence, the firm in question being one of the best established in the place, and high in the confidence of the Grand Duke, for whom they acted as bankers.

"But understand," continued Signor Benetti, "that there is not the slightest reason to suppose the house of Grant has any knowledge of the affair. Their wealth and respectability render such a supposition both improbable and ridiculous."

The countenance of the chief of the police began to clear.

"It is a private speculation of the captain's."

"*Bene, Bene,*" exclaimed the functionary; "I perceive. The instant the vessel enters the port I shall arrest him."

The merchant shook his head.

"Wait till he is on shore, your excellency," he said; "take him with the proof of his guilt upon his person."

This arrangement was pronounced decidedly the best, and we have seen how efficiently it was carried out.

As for the affair of Clara and the prisoners on board, the great man looked upon it as an affair of very minor importance. He promised, however, that as soon as the culprit should be secured, a party of police should be sent on board with the two young Englishmen, with orders to bring any females they might discover on shore.

Our readers may imagine the grief of Tom and the disappointment of our hero, on boarding the brig, to learn the fate of the friends they came to rescue—removed, as the mate told them, in the middle of the night.

All they could do was to take the boy Jack on shore with them, that he might make the necessary depositions before the consul, who, on hearing his statement, applied to the authorities to issue orders for the arrest of the steward, Joe Eagleton, wherever he should be found.

The examination of Captain Riddle by the authorities had been delayed till the attendance of the agent of the Bank of Lombardy could be procured, as no other person in Leghorn was considered capable of deciding whether the notes were forged or true ones, so admirably were they imitated.

It was some time before the gentleman pronounced—"Forged."

The prisoner, who never perhaps displayed greater coolness and tact—but then it must be remembered he was pleading for his life—demanded how he knew them to be forged.

"The means of detecting them is a secret, known only to the chosen officers of the Bank of Lombardy," was the reply.

"But ought not the chief of the police, the judges who must decide in the event of my being tried on this absurd charge, to have the means of distinguishing between the good and spurious notes?"

"No."

"How are they to decide then?"

"They must take their decision from me."

"You! Then a banker's clerk, a person unconnected with the courts of law, becomes virtually the judge in a case of life and death!"

"Yes."

"Is that just?" exclaimed Riddle, appealing to the chief of the police.

"It is the law in Tuscany," replied the great man. "The case is very clear. Information is laid that you are to arrive in Leghorn, furnished with a considerable quantity of forged notes upon the Bank of Lombardy."

"Laid by my enemies."

"We have nothing to do with that. Friends seldom denounce each other, unless the reward is very high; but in this case no reward has been offered, and for the very simple reason that no crime was suspected. Well, you land—are seized—a quantity of notes found upon your person, which a competent authority pronounces to be forged ones; the case is clear. I have only to send you to prison to await your trial."

"And when will that be?"

"In eight or ten months, perhaps a year," replied the chief of the police.

Tom Mayfield's impatience to learn something of his lost love became so great, that Signor Benetti, in pity to his feelings, ventured to remind the great man of the circumstance which seemed to have escaped his memory.

"By-the-bye, prisoner," observed the chief, "there is another charge against you—the abduction of three persons from your own country."

Captain Riddle darted a look of defiance at Tom and Harold, then knitted his brows with the air of a man determined to maintain a dogged silence.

"Have you heard me?"

"One charge at a time," said the prisoner. "It will be soon enough to answer a second one when the first is disposed of."

This was evidently a hint thrown out to the principal witnesses against him. The quick-witted Italian saw it immediately.

"Is that your answer?" he asked, blandly.

"You will get no other from me."

"Oh, yes, I shall; you have not the slightest idea of the means of persuasion we have at our command in this country. Do not make yourselves uneasy, gentlemen," he added, turning to the lover of Clara and his friend; "the senior captain will not have been where I shall send him many hours before he will become quite tractable, and answer any questions I may put to him with politeness and willingness."

These words concealed a threat which Riddle but too well understood, for in the course of his wild career he had been the inmate of an Italian prison more than once.

Despite his nerve and bravado, he shuddered.

"I am an English subject," he exclaimed, aloud. "I take all present to witness my protest, and am not liable to be put to the torture."

"Torture!" exclaimed the chief of the police, with an ironical smile; "who spoke of torture? Are you not aware that it has long been abolished in the states of the Grand Duke of Tuscany?"

"Pshaw! I know how frequently the law is evaded."

This was a notorious fact; not that the horrors of the vigoralle or the waterspout, as they are named, were inflicted except in exceptional cases, when the local authorities took the responsibility upon themselves.

The English consul, whom Messrs. Grant and Co. had applied to on behalf of the captain, now made his appearance, and offered to be answerable for the prisoner presenting himself before the court in proper time.

The chief shook his head.

The former urged the request.

"I dare not," replied the great man; "the offence is a capital one."

"Not in Tuscany?"

"But in Lombardy."

The prisoner looked exceedingly blank.

"The crime of these forgerers has been carried to such an extent," continued the chief of the police, "that the government of Austria have demanded of the State that, in the event of any foreigner being detected in passing them, the law of extradition should be put in force, and the offender given up to them."

Riddle winced. He would rather have trusted to any chance, however desperate, than the mercies of the Austrian government, or brave the horrors of an Austrian prison.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

RASHNESS borrows the name of courage, but it is of another race, and nothing allied to that virtue: the one descends in a direct line from prudence, the other from folly and presumption.

WIND OF AUTUMN.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

Wind of Autumn, gently, gently
Yet awhile thy trumpet blow;
Gently, gently through the fading
Glory of the great wood go!—
Gently!

II.

While thou broodest calm and pensive,
While thy dark locks softly wave,
I can lean with softened sorrow
O'er my dear one's forest-grave!—
Tearless!

III.

But the terrible, wild wailing
Of my darkened, mateless soul
When thy trumpet's diapasons
Down the mountain sternly roll!—
Hopeless!

IV.

Then it seems the wreck of Nature—
Ruin shrieked in every tone:
Then indeed I feel my spirit
Standing blackened, rent and lone!—
How lone!

V.

Yes, oh Wind of Autumn, gently
Yet awhile thy trumpet blow;
Gently, gently by the fading
Glory of the great wood go,
By her grave, oh gently go!
Gently!

ESCAPE FROM THE TORTURES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the spring of 1843, a young man by the name of Charles Evarts set out from the State of Connecticut, to seek his fortune in the wilds of Oregon. At Independence, Missouri, he found and joined a large party bound for the same destination. With this party he continued till he reached the Rocky Mountains. Here, one day, dropping behind the train to stalk a deer, he got bewildered and lost, and was subsequently taken prisoner by a small band of roving Indians. Of his capture, treatment, perils, sufferings, and final escape, we will let him speak for himself, merely stating that his narrative has never before been published.

"I had been thirty-six hours without tasting a morsel of food," says Evarts, "and the pangs of hunger were becoming extreme. At this time I was at the bottom of a deep, dark hollow, almost a gorge, with a succession of wild, barren, rocky hills rising all around me, the most gloomy and desolate to be found in the world. It was now late in the afternoon, and yet since daylight in the morning I had been struggling forward, endeavoring to find my way out of this awful solitude to some region where animal and vegetable life existed, but so far from my efforts promising success, my heart had become filled with despair, and as I cast myself on a rock by the side of a rushing, roaring stream, it was half with the wish that death would come and relieve me of my troubles.

"As I half sat, half reclined on the rock, looking abstractedly into the foaming stream before me, I heard a whistling, whizzing sound, and saw some half-a-dozen arrows strike close around me, and felt a sharp pain in my right arm, through the fleshy portion of which one had passed. Instinctively I grasped my rifle and sprung to my feet, to make a defence for my life, but on turning round and seeing some dozen or twenty screeching savages scattered among the rocks in different directions, and all prepared for another flight of their steel-pointed missiles, I gave up the idea of resistance or escape, and, dropping the breech of my piece, held up my open palms in token of a peaceful surrender.

"They did not shoot at me again, but evidently distrusted my pacific intentions. For a short time every one remained at his post, with bent bow and poised arrow, and then some three or four of the boldest, keeping themselves ready for an instant shot, began to advance toward me with great caution, and so continued till near enough to seize me, when, finding me still passive, they suddenly sprung upon me, bore me to the earth, and bound my arms and legs almost in the time it takes me to tell of it. Then they took away my weapons, ammunition, and every trinket found on my person, which were divided among the whole party according to rank or station, the leader or chief of course retaining the lion's share.

"Having robbed, they now began to abuse me, raining upon me a perfect shower of kicks, cuffs and blows, and yells and screeches the most diabolical. Then they tore the arrow from my arm in a manner to enlarge the wound and cause me the most excruciating pain, and then again, as if this were not enough, they raised me to a sitting posture, and knocked me down by kicks and blows in the face, till all my features became disfigured, bloody and swollen.

"They were indeed an infernal set of wretches, and had I known beforehand to what cruelties they would subject me, I would have died rather than have fallen into their clutches. If they possessed any of the nobler feelings which humanity more or less exhibits, even among the most barbarous, they failed to make them manifest by either looks or actions. To what tribe they belonged, or by what name they were called, I do not know. They were inferior in hight, but with stout bodies and strong, misshapen limbs. Their faces were broad and flat, with large mouths, coarse teeth, small, snaky eyes, and low, narrow foreheads. They were almost naked, but bedaubed with paints of different colors, laid on in streaks, checks, and uncouth devices. As they howled and danced around me, while inflicting their brutalities, I could liken them to nothing but fiends of darkness, come up to earth for a revel, and I truly felt the only mercy I could hope for would be a sudden death from an unguarded hand. I say unguarded, because it was evidently their design to kill me only by torture.

"At length they seemed to tire of their hellish sport, and collected together for consultation. This ended in a series of unearthly screeches, but whether of satisfaction or otherwise I could not tell. They now surrounded me in a body, and setting my limbs free for the purpose, began to strip off my clothing and divide it among themselves, in the same manner they had done my weapons and other valuables. Then they bound again my arms and legs, set me up against a rock, and, going back a few paces, began to shoot at me with their steel-pointed arrows, their object being not to kill, but to graze the flesh and see how close they could come to my life without taking it. They were better marksmen in this respect than I could wish, for it was my hope that one of their missiles would pierce my heart and end my troubles, but a half hour's practice only covered me with petty wounds and blood, and then this sport, like the other, was relinquished for something else.

"As it was now near night, they unbound my legs and set off over the rocky hills, compelling me to keep them company, though I was so faint from fatigue, the want of food, and my recent inhuman treatment, as scarcely to be able to stand. Moreover, the sharp, rough stones over which I had to pass, cut and mangled my naked feet in a manner to afford them great satisfaction, and the worst places were accordingly sought out for my passage, and I was goaded onward by the sharp points of their spears and arrows. Once I threw myself down, resolved to go no further, be the consequences what they might; but they pricked me so severely, causing me so much pain, that I was obliged to yield to their wishes.

"Just at sunset we descended a steep declivity into a little basin-like hollow, that was completely shut in by rocky hills, with the exception of a narrow gorge at the upper and lower extremity, through which flowed a small stream of clear water. In this retreat—which, owing to the difficulties of reaching the summits of the surrounding hills, might never be discovered by the casual wanderers and explorers of that desolate region—there were a few trees, bushes and some grass and flowers—about the only green things, except a few stunted pines, that I had seen for nearly two days.

"We went down into this place by a narrow, winding path, silently and stealthily, till we reached a large, flat rock near the bank of the stream, and then my fiendish captors, halting and forming themselves into a circle, simultaneously gave utterance to a yell that echoed fearfully among the rocks and gorges. Then to my surprise I heard this answered by a series of discordant howls, apparently coming from the bowels of the earth in different directions; and immediately after, as if by magic, the rocks on every side of us became alive with shrivelled old men, witch-looking hags, a few warriors, younger women of various ages, and quite a number of children—all of which made haste to gather around us, and testify their delight at the return of so valiant a band with so important a prize as a robbed, starved and wounded white prisoner.

"If these new tormentors had been allowed to amuse themselves to their satisfaction, I am certain I should not now be living to tell the tale; but the chief, who wanted to preserve me for future sport, sternly interposed in time to save my life, and I was rescued from their pinches, kicks and blows, and conducted into a sort of cave, where my legs were again corded, and I was left upon the ground, to groan out my miseries through the night, without a morsel of food, or even so much as a cup of water to quench my fever-burning thirst.

"Oh, the horrible sufferings of that night! as, covered with wounds and bruises, I lay naked upon the cold ground, with corded, swollen limbs that I could not stir, and actually dying of hunger and thirst—I could not describe them if I would.

"The next morning I was unbound and led out into the open air; but I staggered as I went, and finally sunk down from sheer weakness, and made signs that I was dying for the want of food and water. I did not expect to be relieved by any act of humanity; but in this I was mistaken—for the desire to preserve my life still existed—and by the orders of the chief a sort of soup was prepared for me, which I swallowed as ravenously as a wolf. Then they brought me water, and I poured it down as though it were the last I should ever see, which I thought by no means improbable. I was a great deal refreshed by all this; but when I found it was designed for me to run the gauntlet—a custom which I believe exists among nearly every tribe in America—I made signs that I was incapable, and not all the abuse and ill-treatment which they lavishly bestowed, ever once prompted me to make the trial. I felt certain, if I were to attempt to run between the two lines of men, women and children, armed with clubs, that I should be killed on the way, and I thought it just as well, if they felt so disposed, to let them kill me where I was. My dogged firmness probably saved my life—for finding that neither blows nor goadings could alter my resolution, I was finally dragged back into the cave, to be kept for a future occasion.

After this, for several days, I was treated more humanly. A skin was given me to lie on, my limbs were mostly left free through the day, though always carefully bound at night, and I was allowed a reasonable amount of food and as much water as I required. I began to hope I was to be adopted into the tribe, and that at no distant period I might effect my escape. The latter I did do; but no thanks are due my infernal captors, who only intended to prepare me for holding out longer under their fiendish tortures than I otherwise might.

"One day a hideous old Indian came to me with something like a gourd filled with a black preparation of the consistency of soft paste, and at once began to smear me from head to foot. My hopes died, and my heart sunk, for I felt that death was decreed, and believed myself doomed to such dreadful tortures as only savages can inflict. I knew it was useless to sue for any kind of mercy, and with a sudden resolution I assumed a stoical indifference that completely concealed the mental agonies that almost drove me insane. When he had finished his work, two young, athletic warriors came and tied my hands behind my back, and led me forth into the presence of the whole assembled tribe, who greeted my appearance with the wildest and most horrid yells imaginable. Then they all rushed up and surrounded me—men, women and children—and commenced singing, dancing, yelling and capering in the most frantic manner, the nearest striking me with sticks, clubs and stones, and otherwise maltreating me in whatever way their ingenuity could devise.

"Thus I was forced forward to a stake driven firmly into a level, open piece of ground, and which was encircled by fagots at the distance of some ten feet from the centre. To this stake was fastened a deer-skin rope about eight feet long, and this rope was now made secure to the ligature that bound my hands behind my back. Then, all being prepared, a signal was given, and, amid screeches and yells that the very devils might have envied, four withered old hags came forward with burning brands, and set fire to the fagots in four different places, each concluding her work by advancing to me and touching my naked flesh with the burning end of a pine knot. The pain, of course, caused me to start and spring away, and the action was greeted with peals of laughter.

"The combustibles surrounding me were like tinder, and as the flame spread away rapidly from each point of kindling, I was soon the center of a circle of fire, which was just far enough off to give me hot vapors to breathe, blister my flesh, and in fact roast me by slow degrees. At first I bore all—if not with the stoicism of a savage, at least with the fortitude of a martyr—but the increasing heat and pain, together with the exulting yells of my tormentors, gradually maddened me into a strength that was not my own, till, suddenly uttering a wild shriek, I bounded forward to the extent of my rope.

"The ligatures that secured my hands snapped. Who shall describe my feelings in that moment, when I so unexpectedly found I was free! A thousand thoughts in an instant rushed over me—of hope and home and friends—and with a fleetness of which I never before believed myself capable, I leaped over the circle of fire and rushed away.

"Providence favored me; most of the warriors were on the other side of the burning circle; and so sudden and unexpected was my escape, that I actually overthrew some women and children in my way, and had gone a distance of some thirty yards before the fact was fairly comprehended. Then several arrows cut the air on all sides of me as I swiftly fled, and with wild yells of rage and disappointment the boldest and fleetest set off in pursuit.

"But I was flying for more than life, and who could overtake me? My course was shaped for the lower gorge, and I was soon in it, bounding over the rocky bed of the bubbling stream with a velocity more than human. This gorge, thank God, was long, narrow and winding, with jagged, overhanging rocks on either side, and deep dark caverns and fissures opening into them. One turn hid me from the sight of my pursuers, another increased my security and hope, and a third afforded me an opportunity for secreting myself. I bounded into a narrow opening, ran back fifty feet over a watery bed that left no trail, climbed up the side of a rock, and stretched my panting form upon a narrow shelf. Here I lay and listened to the yells of my pursuers and the splash of the water, as they bounded past in quest of one they were never to see again.

"In the course of an hour or two the baffled Indians returned, making, as I judged from the sounds, a careful examination of all the clefts and openings on their way back. Some of them actually came into the fissure where I was; but it was dark, and I was above them holding my breath, and they passed out without finding me.

"Not daring to leave my retreat in daylight, I remained there till night, and got down and travelled over the rocks till morning, when I again hid myself through another day, and resumed my wanderings at dark. In this way—bruised, naked, and without weapons or food—I continued on, struggling for life and liberty, till I was just on the point of perishing, when by God's good Providence I fell in with a small party of hunters and trappers, who nursed and fed and clothed me, and put me in the way of getting back to my friends, among whom I now feel contented to remain for the rest of my natural life."

◆

WHEN FIRST.

When first my eyes beheld thee smile,
My heart fled to thee in that gaze,
But when I heard thee speak awhile
I ceased thy lovely form to praise!
For higher gifts thy being bore
Than those a beauteous cheek endow;
And if I lost my heart before,
Oh, love, my soul flew with it now!

And heart and soul shall still be thine,
Come what may come of ills the worst,
As faithful to thy life's decline,
As when they wooed and loved thee first!
As birds oft sing their sweetest song
When every leaf hath left the tree;
So when thy bloom hath vanished long,
My heart shall fonder cling to thee!

A VOICE FROM BEDLAM.

Is my article for the LEDGER ready? No, sir, it is not. With my hair standing on end, I tell you it is NOT! Have I not been beset, since I left my bed this morning, with cook, chambermaid and sempstress? Have not butcher, baker, and grocer been tweaking that area-bell unceasingly, about matters which must be referred to my unpostponable decision? Have not whole rows of them been sitting in the kitchen sucking their thumbs, or standing on their hind legs awaiting it? Is not my head as woolly inside as out, with butter and meat, and vegetables, and—spools-and-needles! the sudden breaking of the sewing-machine, to the horror of the sempstress—and the settling of the thousand and one little matters which take up, and *must take up*, the precious morning hours, which alas! show for nothing, and yet which no housekeeper may dodge, even with her coffin or a prospective article for the LEDGER in sight? I don't speak in this connection of a married daughter's cook, who don't do as she "oughter," and whom I am telegraphed to run up after breakfast and Rarey-fy. I don't speak, when I have arisen in a heavenly and sprightly frame of mind, equal to the LEDGER, or any of the papers which abuse it because they envy its circulation, of being after the experience above related, at ten o'clock in the morning, as exhausted as a squeezed sponge. I don't speak of my agony, after having, with much forethought on such carnal matters, laid in a store of "goodies" for several days, discovering this morning that a "surprise party," under pretense of being my children, came in last evening while I was out, and rifled my refrigerator and—"*left their love!*" I don't speak, while I sit contemplating all this at ten o'clock in the morning, of Mr. Fern's coming down stairs, inked up to the knuckles, with three-precious-uninterrupted-hours-of-writing-the-biography-of-the-great-Zoo-Foo, and asking with uplifted inky paws of horror, in tones of innocent and tantalizing surprise, if I haven't begun writing *yet?* I don't speak of this, because man being in a primeval state of idiocy on all such matters, and being likely on account of his natural stupidity forever to remain so, one feels only sublime contempt at such imbecile queries. Nor do I speak of turning heroically away in this injured frame of mind from the sight of the tempting blue sky through my window, to gaze into a dark, clotted pool of an inkstand.

Moreover, I scorn to allude to any goneness about my belt, or any throbbing in my temples, or any disposition to kick in my heels at any miscreant of an organ-grinder under my window murdering poor Annie Laurie. I don't speak of Mr. Fern's catching up from my desk an *unanswered* invitation to "lecture, on my own terms," at the Farmtown Insti*toot*; everybody knows it was very wise and judicious and humane, and just like a man, to go and pile up the agony at such a demented moment.

Also, I turn away disgusted from the Solomon who inquires majestically why I do not write at night, like the great Scriblio, who does that same through an amanuensis. I simply inquire if he thinks any husband would be pleased to have his wife spend her nights promulgating "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" for the NEW YORK LEDGER, in company with a-man-uensis? Now Mr. Fern, of course, will ask if I consider this article the thing for the public. If it is egotistical, haven't I the shining example of the exquisite Adolphus-Fitz-Curly, well known in the field of letters, who informs us every week how often his horse sneezes, or his dog Towzer takes a nap? Am I to presume to be better than my betters? Besides, haven't I been told from my youth up, which, by the way, is a long distance, that it was an "*indulgent* public," and was there ever a bigger lie? FANNY FERN.

"PATCHED" GARMENTS.

To the mind of an observer there is a great deal in the patched and mended garments of a poor man. They speak whole volumes of patient poverty. They tell of the unrepining and industrious WIFE, and of her long hours spent with the weary needle; of the striving endurance of her who, with humble pride, would turn the best side outward. Never scorn the patched coat of a poor laborer—for that laborer, may be, has one at *home* who loves him; and that is more, alas! than many a rich man has.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

EMMA.—The difference between *melody* and *harmony* (which your music teacher assures you it is not at all necessary for you to trouble yourself about) is this: melody is a *succession of single* notes, whereas harmony is composed of two or more notes that are to be played simultaneously. As to *why* the octave, or eighth note of the diatonic scale is the *original* note, only repeated on a higher degree, we cannot tell. That is one of the mysteries of nature which science has not been able to fathom. We *feel* that the octave is in one sense the same as the original note, and in another different, but beyond that we cannot penetrate the vail which nature has placed over this mystery. The voice of woman is known to be an octave higher than that of man, and yet a lover sings in perfect accord with his sweetheart—their voices being as tuneful as their hearts. Mathematics help us a little here; for it is found that a string producing a tone an octave higher than any other tone, vibrates with just *twice* the rapidity—the vibrations being thus the *same in kind*, but *different in degree*. The vibrations of the atmosphere in the lowest C pipe of an organ—that which produces the distant-thunder tone—are thirty-two to a second. The pipe which is an octave above it gives 64 vibrations of the atmosphere to a second; the next 128; the next 256, and so on, doubling every eight notes or octave. This mathematical law runs through all the scales of sound, and every creature that sings or howls, and every instrument of sound, has to give forth its utterances subject to it. And so it comes to pass that the science of music is founded on mathematics, and that the lullaby with which a mother hushes her babe to sleep is governed by the same laws under which Kepler and Newton pursued their profound inductions.

FANNY.—It is impossible for us to say whether or not it was indiscreet or improper for you to accept the bouquet from the gentleman, as we do not know under what circumstances you made his acquaintance, what degree of intimacy exists between you, or what assurances you have of his respectableness of character. In all such matters, there is so much that is impalpable to any one but the parties immediately concerned—so much in the manner and the circumstances—that a stranger cannot very well decide as to what would be proper and judicious. But one thing is certain, and that is this: whenever a young lady has doubts as to the propriety of doing anything, or of accepting a gift from anybody, she should not do the thing or accept the gift. She should always give her modesty and sense of propriety the benefit of the doubt, and do nothing which she is not certain is right. Besides, casual acquaintances, picked up at watering-places, as seems to have been the case with your bouquet gentleman, however prepossessing they may be, should be kept at a respectful distance until they exhibit their credentials and become properly established, in the regular conventional manner, in the society to which they seek admittance. And a person who seeks to establish an intimacy with a lady without first satisfying her and her parents, guardians or friends of his position and claims to recognition, should be especially avoided, inasmuch as a man *who has nothing to fear on that score*, is always ready to have his character and antecedents investigated by those whose friendship and confidence he seeks.

ROBERT L.—Whales can be kept alive out of water for several days, provided they are not allowed to be dry. The whales you speak of were brought from Boston to New York in large boxes. They were covered with seaweeds, upon beds of which they lay, and pails of water from the ocean were continually dashed over them. In this manner whales weighing three thousand pounds have been transported on the deck of a ship several hundred miles. A whale that weighs one thousand pounds, kept in a tank, will eat twenty-five pounds of eels every day. They are usually fed on eels, because eels are about the cheapest kind of fish that comes to our market. A white whale will grow to the weight of fifteen hundred pounds in one year, and they are five feet long when born. It is the opinion of persons who have been concerned in procuring whales for exhibition, that they can be kept alive in tanks for many years, provided they are quite sound when put in. The whales that have lately died were either injured while being removed, or were not supplied with the proper kind of water. They will only live in pure sea water. One whale in Boston is said to have been in a tank for six months, and seems to be in perfect health.

EMMA L.—There is a well-known passage in Moore's Lalla Rookh, that meets your case better than any words of ours could. It expresses well the danger of the smallest beginnings of discord between husband and wife:

"A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
O! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch, like this has shaken.
And ruder winds will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till, fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever;
Yet, ere it reached the plain below,
Breaks into floods and parts for ever."

HARRY.—You should at least *try* to be the best soldier in your regiment, and by observation, study and inquiry you could soon pick up a valuable store of military knowledge. It is quite essential that you become proficient and *expert* in the details of your drill in the manuel of arms, and in eveything that appertains to a soldier's duty in camp, on the march, and in battle. Keep your eyes and ears open, and meditate upon and digest thoroughly whatever of interest or importance comes under your notice. Don't be afraid to ask questions, but learn all you can of everybody that comes in your way who knows anything which you do not.

NORA.—This young lady is embarrassed from a cause that seldom troubles young ladies in her situation. "I am a strong Republican," she says, "and believe in Republican principles. I love a young man, whom I have engaged to marry in two years; but he is a Democrat. Now, ought I to marry one whose political opinions are so different from my own?" Ah! Nora; we see how it is. You want to discard that young Democrat, and wish the LEDGER to find you an excuse for doing it. If you don't like him, say so, and let the poor fellow go; but don't talk nonsense about your political *principles*.

DALETH.—There are two or three medical colleges in New York at which surgical operations are sometimes performed gratis, provided the patient will consent to be operated upon in presence of a class of students. Your best course will be to call upon the professor of surgery, tell him your circumstances, explain your malady, and learn from him the proper course to be pursued. Any directory or guide-book of the city will inform you where the colleges are situated and where the professors reside.

BOTHERED.—It would be useless for a family to remove their residence because a gentleman in the neighborhood, who is objectionable to the parents, persists in paying attention to one of the daughters, to whom he is not objectionable. They would contrive to meet even then. The only way is to persuade the young lady to do right; nothing else is of any avail.

JONESBORO.—This correspondent says: "A lady who has a son in the army, came in to purchase something for him at my store. I gave it free. Did I do right?" We see no objection to your conduct. It was more a gift to the *nation* than to an individual—or at least it might be so considered.

INTERESTED.—It is the opinion of newspaper men that to start a new daily paper in New York, a man must be prepared to expend immediately about $80,000, and to sink a thousand dollars a week for three years. And with all that outlay, he must be himself a journalist of genius, or his enterprise will be pretty sure to fail.

DIANTHA.—You and your schoolmates might put all your stock of ribbons, "trimmings," and such like mysterious gear into a common stock, and then before the looking-glass "try on" the beautifying adornments, and match the colors to suit each other and your complexions and various "styles."

NEW YORK.—The total amount of gold shipped from California, from the discovery of the mines in 1848 to the close of 1860, was about four hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars.

LIZZIE T.—The business of a suttler in the army is to keep a kind of shop or retail store for the regiment, where the soldiers can obtain any little matters they wish, for cash.

POTOMAC.—Lord Culpepper was governor of Virginia from 1680 to 1683. Hence the name on the map of that State. There is both a county and a town in Virginia named Culpepper.

SAM SLICK.—We know of no *remedy* for sea-sickness, and the only *preventive* that we can imagine is to stay on land.

JACKSON.—No, we do *not* think it proper for ladies to make valuable presents to gentlemen who are only acquaintances.

COLONEL.—It is generally supposed that it is an easy and a common thing for a *positive* person to be mistaken, and there is no exception to the rule in favor of army officers even in time of war. *You* ought to know that a brevet officer receives pay and emoluments only for his *real* and not for his *brevet* rank, except when he is on actual duty, and *has a command according to his brevet rank*. For example, a first-lieutenant, who is brevetted captain, is still subordinate to the actual captain of his company, and continues to do the duty and receive the pay of a first-lieutenant. But should the command of the company be actually given to the first-lieutenant so brevetted captain, and should he do a captain's duty, then he would receive a captain's pay. On the same principle, a brevet major or a brevet lieutenant-colonel must command a battalion; a brevet colonel, a regiment; a brevet brigadier-general, a brigade; a brevet major-general a division, to enable them to receive the pay and emoluments of their brevet rank. The President is authorized to confer brevet rank on such officers of the army as distinguish themselves by gallant actions or meritorious conduct; and with the advice and consent of the Senate, the President may confer the brevet of second-lieutenant upon such meritorious non-commissioned officers as may be brought to his notice by a board composed of four officers of rank; or he may, on the recommendation of the commanding officer of a regiment, confer a brevet of the lowest grade upon any non-commissioned officer who has distinguished himself in the service, and upon like conditions grant a *certificate of merit* to a private soldier, which shall entitle him to two dollars additional pay a month.

ELIZABETH says that, in reading the newspapers now-a-days, she frequently comes across the phrase *posse comitatus;* and learns that some sheriff has "called out" the *posse comitatus*, or that he *will* call it out, or *was going* to call it out; and her curiosity has been worked up by these mysterious doings, intentions, and determinations of the sheriffs to such a pitch, that she *must know* what the *posse comitatus* is, what a sheriff calls it out for, and what he does with it when he gets it out. The *posse comitatus* is simply the power or force of the county under the control of the sheriff, and includes the entire male population of the county above the age of fifteen, which the sheriff may summon to his aid in certain cases. For example, in case of a powerful mob, which the regular police and constabulary force could not quell, the sheriff could call out the *posse comitatus*—that is, the whole male force of the county, for the purpose of overpowering the rioters and restoring peace and quiet. The phrase is "law Latin"—*posse* meaning force or power, and *comitatus*, county.

SQUATTER.—The fact that you purchased your lands of the Indians will not help you in the least in your efforts to make good your title, unless your purchase "was made by treaty or convention entered into pursuant to the Constitution," which of course it was not, or, at least, the chances are probably a million to one that it was not. You must be careful how you attempt to speculate in Indian lands with the Indians. The law says that, "if any person, not employed under the authority of the United States, shall attempt to negotiate such treaty or convention, directly or indirectly, to treat with any nation or tribe of Indians, for the title or purchase of any lands by them held or claimed, *such person shall forfeit and pay one thousand dollars*." Such is the law, but we believe it is very rarely enforced against white men—perhaps because Indians have no lawyers to bring suits in their favor, or to bring those who violate the law to justice.

UNDINE.—It is as impossible for intelligent people of mature mental growth to believe in fairies and genii now-a days, as it is for them to believe in the gods and goddesses of Homer, Virgil, and of antiquity generally. Children, of course, believe in them, or rather they do not *disbelieve* in them; and doubtless they take much comfort in their liberal faith as to such matters. So, too, they give a generous credit to stories of ghosts and witches; and no doubt, on gusty nights, when the wind moans and howls, and speaks with myriad mysterious voices in every crack and crevice, and in garret and chimney, the little fellows really enjoy the creeping dread with which they pull the clothes over their heads, and discourse, with bated breath, of the impalpable creatures of whose near proximity they have no doubt, but of whose precise disposition and possible intentions they are by no means certain.

FLORELLA writes us a doleful letter. "I am," she says, "the most unhappy girl in the world, although I have an abundance of everything. I dearly love a young gentleman, who also dearly loves me; but my guardian objects to my marrying him because I am wealthy and he is poor. Shall I run away from home, and marry him, or take my guardian's advice and let him go?" Your guardian *probably* knows more about the young man, and what is best for you to do under the circumstances, than a young lady can possibly do. You can at least afford to wait, till time and experience should warrant your deciding unaided on so important a matter. If the young man is worthy, and sincerely loves you, both he and his affection "will keep" for a few years.

A. R. K., who seems to have a very good opinion of himself, writes, "I wish to make love to a young girl whose friends object. Shall I persist in my attentions in spite of this, or try among the rest of my female acquaintance who love me?" A young man so lucky as to be *loved generally* by his female acquaintance certainly need not apply to us on such a matter. Even in case you should meet with a dismissal or rejection, your self-love and conceit would pretty certainly sustain you under the rebuff.

JULIA N.—We will answer your question in the language of a poet, the author of Festus:

"War *must be*
While men are what they are; while they have bad
Passions to be stirred up; while ruled by men;
While all the powers and treasures of a land
Are at the beck of the ambitious crowd;
While injuries can be inflicted, or
Insults be offered; yea, while rights are worth
Maintaining, freedom keeping, or life having;
So long the sword shall shine; so long shall war
Continue, and the need of war remain."

U.—Yes; we think it as certain as such a thing can be, that if the son of Napoleon had lived to the age of twenty-five, he would have been emperor of France, and that, too, by the nearly unanimous desire of the French people. It is now known that a widely extended plan had been formed for his elevation to the French throne, and that the boy himself cherished the most extravagant affection for his father's memory, and a romantic desire to follow in his footsteps.

TRUE BLUE.—A young lady, who credited false reports of you, her lover, and afterward accepted the attentions of the informer, but now regrets it, and wishes a return of your affection, must be one of those girls whom it is unsafe to have much to do with. At all events, we should advise you to be on terms of friendship only with her, till you prove her affection for you, and become satisfied that she has at least an ordinary degree of stability of character.

M.—Like a moth that flutters round the flame of a candle which has already singed its wings, is the young man who still frequents the society of a girl whom he loves but can never win. Your only safe and honorable course, when you found that she was engaged, or about to be engaged, was to avoid her presence as much as possible. By taking a contrary course, you have prolonged your own misery, and disturbed her peace.

THALIA.—The name of the Muse whose signature you have assumed is pronounced Tha-*ly*-ah, according to the authorities in such matters, but about three persons out of four actually pronounce it *Thay*lea. So with Terpsichore, which is generally pronounced Terpsi*core*, although the authorized pronunciation is Terp*sick*ory.

FANNIE.—You ask us how to write so as not to seem familiar to a gentleman friend, who is going away, and who is a friend of the family. As we do not know the circumstances of your acquaintance, and as he is known to your family, you had better refer this question to some one of them.

FARMER.—It is said by those who profess to know, that the best way to make wood enduring, and to prevent it from decay, is to char it slightly, and then smear it over with three or four coats of pitch. You might try this on your fence-posts, and see how it will work.

KATE.—Of course, happy lovers never have any experiences that can be worked up into a thrilling romance. The sufferings, painful vicissitudes, disappointments, and struggles of life are the stuff for romance and biography, but happiness has no history.

MANY READERS.—The number of Gen. Burgoyne's army, when he surrendered to Gen. Gates, was 5,752. His army was 9,000 strong at the beginning of the campaign. Gates's force on the day of the surrender was 13,200 men, of whom 2,500 were sick.

H. G.—We do not think it would be proper for an engaged lady to receive and wear a ring from another gentleman not a relative, unless it were done with the knowledge and approbation of her lover.

INQUIRER.—Of course it is not right for a married man, "minister" or otherwise, to present his picture to a married lady, and visit her in her husband's absence.

DERRY.—It has never been discovered who the man in the iron mask was, though some volumes have been written on the subject.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*